MADRID AND CHRISTMAS IN NEW MEXICO

Sytha Motto.

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First printing: 1973
Second Printing: 1981

ISBN: 0-937268-09-7
Library of Congress No. 81-67064

Printed in United States of America

Alpha Printing Ltd
6301-B Central Ave., N.W.
Albuquerque, N.M. 87105

This book is dedicated to Oscar Huber and to all men of good will, Spanish, Indian and Anglo, who have perpetuated the traditions and contributed so much of the good and beautiful to La Tierra Encantada, New Mexico!

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Some of this historical facts have been gleaned from the "De Vargas Papers," "Bishop Tamaron's Visitation to New Mexico," "Otermin's Report," Twitchell's "History of New Mexico," Dr. T.M. Pearce's "Place Names of New Mexico," "The United States Bureau of Mines Bulletin," newspapers and Mr. Joe Huber's "Story of Madrid." My deepest gratitude to New Mexico for the privilege of seeing Madrid grow, year after year, to present to the world the magnificent portrayal of the Birth of The Prince of Peace. My heartfelt thanks to the many unselfish, kindly people I knew who lived and worked there. My profound appreciation to Mr. Joe Huber for his patient consideration and assistance in compiling this book. His personal knowledge of Madrid and his priceless photos of the village have been of inestimable value to me. A special "Thank You" to Dr. T.M. Pearce for his assistance and the use of part of his book Los Pastores.

CHAPTER I

The Lure of the Land

New Mexico, the enchantress of the West, with her unparalleled beauty, unlimited resources, vast potential and dangers that add zest, has lured men and women to come to her and love her, for various and sundry reasons, over the centuries.

They had to have vision, faith, courage, strength and endurance, prerequisites for a true pioneer, to play their part in the drama of life.

After Onate a "chirrionero de las carros" (equivalent to the anglo pioneer bullwhacker) bearing the name of Francisco de Madrid, first came to New Mexico in 1603. He brought with him new soldiers, friars, his wife and several children, among them Francisco and Christobal. He earned the title of Capitan and became a member of the Cabildo, at Santa Fe.

During the Governor Rosas controversy he made his declaration, July 14, 1637. Francisco de Madrid was a member of a royal family that served the Crown faithfully.

His son, Francisco 2nd married and sired several daughters and sons, Francisco 3rd, Lorenzo, Pedro, Roque and Juan. Francisco retired to a ranch near San Marcos, south of Santa Fe. He was interested in mining, especially lead, and may have been the first Spaniard to work the old mine near Cerrillos.

I remember when I first came to New Mexico, while exploring an old mine near Cerrillos, of seeing a crude, ancient, rickety ladder with rungs attached to the uprights by rotting leather thongs, which went down from one of the tunnels to a lower level. A short distance from the foot of the ladder the rays

from our strong flashlight disclosed what appeared to be a canoe, hewn from a log. Signs of ore having been gouged from the sides of the tunnel were still evident.

At the time of the Indian uprising, 1680, the remaining members of the old Francisco de Madrid family, including Lorenzo and Roque with his wife, Juana de Lopez, and their two small children escaped with many other refugees from New Mexico to El Paso.

From El Paso Capitan Roque de Madrid accompanied Governor Otermin on his attempted re-conquest of Santa Fe, in 1681. The attempt proved to be a failure and Otermin, with his small group of followers, returned to El Paso on February 1682.

In the month of August 1682 Domingo Jironza Petris de Cruzate became Governor of New Mexico. Immediately upon his arrival at El Paso he began preparation for the re-conquest of Santa Fe. Capitan Roque de Madrid, under Governor Cruzate, with a force of fifty Spaniards and one hundred Indian allies, was sent north against the Apaches and other Indian tribes. Governor Cruzate's onslaught against the Indians as far north as Zia Pueblo was successful. Then he, with his troops, returned to El Paso. Cruzate made other preparations for another expedition to the North but his plans were interruped due to a revolt of the Sumas, a tribe of Indians living near El Paso. After serving well as Governor of New Mexico, Cruzate named as his successor Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon who immediately laid plans to march north to Santa Fe with only three hundred armed men, including Indians.

On the twenty-first day of August, 1692, Capitan Roque de Madrid, left El Paso and proceeded north to the re-conquest of the City of Holy Faith October 13, 1693. Roque de Madrid and his brother Lorenzo de Madrid were two of the signers of the De Vargas account of his entrada into the city. As Ensign Capitan Roque de Madrid signed every day by day entry in De Vargas' journal. Lorenzo de Madrid, son of Francisco 2nd and elder brother of Roque, boasted that he, in 1697, was the oldest Conquistador and settler living in the Kingdom of Nuevo Mejico. He was forty seven years old in 1680 when he passed muster in El Paso to return to the re-conquest of New Mexico. Before the Indian rebellion he had been married to Antonia Oriz y Baca who bore him several daughters and five sons, Francisco 4th, Nicolas, Jose, Simon and Tomas. Antonia died

and he later married Ana de Anaya Almazan, widow of Andres Lopez (Sambrano). They had no children but adopted six orphans. Roque married one of the orphan daughters, Juana de Lopez (Sambrano).

After the peaceful entrada into Santa Fe some of the Indians were still hostile, raids were frequent, arms were broken, food and ammunition was scarce. Roque tried to obtain lead from the old mine his father had worked near Cerrillos, but the Indians had filled it up. Roque de Madrid was a brave soldier and rose to become Lt. General of Cavalry and Alcalde Mayore of La Canada. The De Vargas rule was a turbulent one and was terminated by the death of De Vargas near Bernalillo on April 4, 1704.

The Madrids continued to serve in the armed forces. They took part in campaigns against the Moquis, under the leadership of Capitan General Don Felx Martinez, beginning August 16, 1716 with sixty eight soldiers. Among the soldiers, who passed muster with their arms, were listed Bernardo Madrid . . . All arms, four horses, José Madrid, a resident of Villa Santa Cruz passed muster . . . all arms except breast plate and one horse. The review of men at arms held at San Antonio (now Atrisco) Maestro Roque de Madrid, passed Muster . . . fully armed, except leather jacket, four horses. He had under his command sixty soldiers and one hundred and fifty armed Indians.

We find Lt. Tomás Madrid, son of Lorenzo, and his son, Lorenzo, serving as military escort for Bishop Tamáron's visitation to New Mexico in 1760.

Roque Madrid returned to his father's ranch near San Marcos. He was also interested in mining, especially lead for ammunition, and probably worked the old mine at Cerrillos, known as the Cash Entry, which produced in later years galena. There were, and are, many descendants of this fine old family, whose sons fought and died for this free land of New Mexico.

CHAPTER II

Gold and Coal

New Mexico is highly mineralized; almost all minerals are found, in a more or less, degree throughout the State.

Many rich mines of gold and silver have been developed as well as beryl, uranium, molybdenum, pitchblend, etc.

An official report of 1725 claims that the stories of old Spanish gold and silver mines worked by Indian slave labor before the Indian Rebellion of 1680 are not true; that not a single gold or silver mine had ever been worked in the Territory prior to that time.

However, the oft repeated tales of gold and silver treasure mined by Indian slave labor, carefully concealed and kept secret after the Rebellion are still given credence.

There are almost as many stories about who, when and how the oldest gold mining districts were found, the following is a good example:

The oldest gold mining district in the Territory was discovered by a Mexican from Sonora who was herding cattle near Madrid in the Ortiz district, when he picked up a rock flecked with gold. He showed his find to a friend, the friend told another friend and the news quickly spread.

The search for the source of gold began and the incorporation of the Real de Dolores mining Company was official in 1828.

The gold fever spread from the Old Placers, at several points in the Ortiz Grant, to the New Placers at Golden; then to Tuerto farther southwest. At the Ortiz mine the first stamp mill

was installed; later on one was installed at Golden. At San Pedro a smelter was built; Cerrillos came alive and produced silver, lead and zinc.

Some of the Madrid descendants settled in a lovely, little sheltered valley three miles from Dolores.

The area known as the Cerrillos District coal field was actually three canyons that yielded coal: the Miller Gulch, three miles West of Madrid, Waldo Gulch one and a half miles West, and Coal Gulch, now the site of Madrid. Each had a few rock or adobe huts for the miners and their families.

These early miners worked their individual mines, shallow entries, by the pick and shovel method, carried the coal out on their backs, or transported it on the backs of burros to sell or trade for other commodities.

As early as 1835 coal was needed to operate the mills at Dolores, Golden and San Pedro. The mines were enlarged, rails were laid for the pit cars to be pushed more easily in and out of the mines by hand. Later mules or windlasses were used to expedite the work. The mine at Waldo had soft (bituminous) coal and was supplying the mills. About two and a half miles farther east was what was known as the Government Mine from which coal was being hauled for the use of the Army Posts at Santa Fe, Glorieta, Las Vegas and Fort Union after the American occupation of 1864.

Coal has long been a necessary commodity and is found in various amounts throughout the world. However, Madrid, New Mexico, with her huge deposits, is unique because it is the only place in the United States (if not in the world) where bituminous (soft) coal and anthracite (hard) coal is found side by side. It was the oldest producing mine west of the Mississippi River.

From a layman's point of view, anthracite coal should not be in this area but the United States Bureau of Mines, in Bulletin 22, gives this report: "This coal is anthracite, having been metamorphosed by the intrusion of igneous rock above the coal bed. The coal from the Madrid mine compares in fuel value with the Pennsylvania anthracite."

And a geologist explains still further; "The anthracite, like other coal, passed through the various stages of forest growth, peat formation, lignite, or brown coal, and then to bituminous coal. After this came tremendous earth movements by which the beds, formerly almost horizontal, were bent and folded into mountains and valleys. The heat and enormous pressure, ex-

treme in certain areas, compacted the bituminous coal into anthracite. Where the heat and pressure did not reach the required intensity the coal remained bituminous. The main bed of anthracite also had a large flow of molten igneous rock which coursed over the coal."

Fortunately Nature had provided a four foot shelf of shale between the coal bed and molten rock which prevented the coal from being set afire.

This particular coal field extended from the Ortiz mountain to Cerrillos on an almost horizontal line. Eons ago by volcanic action what we call the Ortiz mountain was pushed up and formed and a molten stream of igneous rock flowed over the coal bed already laid down, arched over the four foot shelf of shale and proceeded down into the depths of the earth.

With the coming of the New Mexico Southern and Pacific Railway Company, about 1879, the demand for soft coal to power the steam engines increased and by 1890 the Cerrillos Coal Railroad Company had connected with the N.M.S.P. Railway Company at Cerrillos and extended a branch line to Waldo Gulch and later farther on to Madrid. With transportation now available the mines at Madrid were more fully developed. Soft coal was mined on the left of the tunnel, prepared for sale at the tipple and the hard coal was mined on the right and processed at the breaker.

The anthracite found a ready market for domestic and commercial use in at least eight adjacent States. For several years there were fifty coke ovens at Waldo which sold, primarily, to the El Paso Smelter.

May 18, 1888 Nasario Gonzalez gave a Quit Claim Deed to W.H. Shup, W.M. Keesee, G.C. Booth and O.L. Houghton all of Las Vegas, N.M. to all his interests in the Merced de la Mesita Juana Lopez Grant, lying between the Galisteo River and the New Mexico Southern Pacific Railway, encompassing Waldo Gulch and Coal Gulch. Keesee laid out a Township, recorded the Plat of Keeseeville, N.M. July 1892. He sold lots, gave leases to at least fifteen individuals to work the coal mine at Waldo Gulch. Such men as Shoemaker, Callender, Jones and Williams bought lots, built houses, worked the mine and named the settlement Madrid.

In 1892 Keesee also sold land to the Cerrillos Coal Company in Waldo and Coal Gulch. A few miners and their families moved to Coal Gulch and built their houses. By 1899 the

residents of Waldo Gulch (Madrid) sold their houses to the Cerrillos Coal and Iron Company and moved to Coal Gulch where the work of mining, treatment and shipping of the coal was consolidated and where the present site of Madrid was established.

May 1892 a receiver had been appointed by the Court to sell at Public sale all the assets of the Cerrillos Coal Railroad Company, which had gained control of 26,000 acres of land with all mineral rights, mines, equipment, etc. June 3, 1901 W.C. Reid, Special Master, conveyed a deed and the lease from the Cerrillos Coal and Iron Company, dated May 16, 1892 to the Cherokee & Pittsburg Coal Mining Company, Inc. for the sum of $460,000.

February 15, 1899, the New Mexico Southern Pacific Railway Company changed its name to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company, a Corporation, and the Cerrillos Coal and Iron Co. conveyed a deed to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company and the Colorado Pacific Coal Mining Co., which leased to the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company all its holdings at Madrid.

From 1889 to 1906 the mines were producing approximately five hundred tons of coal a day. However, these were years of turmoil, attempted land grabbing, bankruptcy, dangerous and poor working and living conditions, continuous mining difficulties and finally one of the largest bituminous mines caught fire and apparently could not be extinguished. All this forced the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company to give up their lease and close the mines.

CHAPTER III

Madrid: Gone With Yesterday

Mr. George A. Kaseman operating the Hahn Coal Company of Albuquerque, depended upon the mines at Madrid for his coal. With the closing of the mines by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and the Santa Fe Railway his supply of coal for his customers was no longer available. He leased the C.F.&I. Company and the Santa Fe Railway holdings at Madrid and operated the mines on his own.

The former owners and lessees had done very little to improve the living conditions of the miners and Mr. Kaseman, living in Albuquerque did very little more.

The frame houses, facing the store, mine offices and tavern, moved in from other places, were badly in need of repair and paint. The tree-lined main street was the one redeeming feature of an otherwise typical, drab coal mining town. The two-story frame houses of five rooms each rented for eleven dollars per month; very few had running water and none had bath tubs or inside toilet facilities. The boarding house had showers in the basement for the miners. The Company buildings and offices and the three boarding houses had electric lights. The other buildings and homes used oil lamps or candles for light, and coal burning stoves for heat and cooking. There were no telephones except those in the mine office and those used for miner operations; all incoming and outgoing calls went through the mine office to the Cerrillos exchange.

The population was approximately twelve hundred; a friendly, congenial group of people ever ready to give a helping

hand where needed. A Priest from Cerrillos said Mass in the Catholic Church. On October 28, 1897 a tract of land had been given to Lewis A. Post, J.O. Porterfield and Mrs. A.C. Bondage, Trustees for the Methodist Episcopal Church. A Deed in Trust specified the land was to be used to erect and maintain a place of worship and residence for the minister; that was never built.

A Protestant Sunday School was maintained and a Mr. Wininger, a Y.M.C.A. Director had charge of the recreation hall downstairs in a large two story frame building. There was one physician who treated all diseases, injuries, and delivered the babies in their own homes.

A mail Order House supplemented the limited merchandise carried by the Company store. The Post Office occupied a small space at the rear of the store.

Over a period of five years the homes were wired for electricity; a light bulb at the end of a drop cord that hung at the center of the ceiling in each room, which was only turned on at night.

The first four grades of the School was taught in a one story frame building. Up to this time five superintendents had supervised Madrid and the mines during this period.

In 1912 a frail young man left his native State of Kansas in search of health in the wonderful climate of New Mexico. For

two years he worked for the New Mexico Gas and Electric Company (now the Public Service Company of New Mexico) at the end of that time he felt he was sufficiently recovered in health and was in a position to support a wife. He returned to Kansas long enough to be married and arrange to return to New Mexico with his bride. They resided in Albuquerque where Mr. Huber was employed by the Hahn Coal Company when Mr. George A. Kaseman bought the lease on the Madrid holdings. For six months after this he commuted, the hard way, between Albuquerque and Madrid. He rode the six a.m. Eastbound train from Albuquerque to Waldo; sometimes he could catch a ride on the water train from Waldo to Madrid, more often he walked the five miles, then returned to Albuquerque in the evening to report the progress of the mine to Mr. Kaseman. His work day usually stretched from six a.m. until after midnight. In 1919 Oscar Huber moved, with his wife and three small children, to Madrid. This energetic, farseeing young man, who loved beauty, justice, people and progress, made his daily report to Mr. Kaseman, who trusted absolutely the wisdom, good judgement and integrity of this young man with the indomitable will to do, and the ability to do it, and appointed him superintendent of Madrid, and gave him free rein. It was not until Oscar Huber became superintendent that Madrid, mines, town, and people, developed and demonstrated their great potential to contribute a lasting memorable event in the history of New Mexico. Working conditions were improved; new houses built, others repaired, modernized and painted. Around his own home, of fifteen rooms, a lawn was planted and in every available spot flowers and flowering shrubs were planted. The householders of Madrid followed his example and, with his assistance, Madrid became a show place.

Main Street was paved, a hospital, and a post office were built, education was encouraged by moving the first four grades to a more substantial, comfortable building adjoining the large two story frame building which housed the Recreational room and Moving Picture Show on the first floor and the grades four to eight on the second floor.

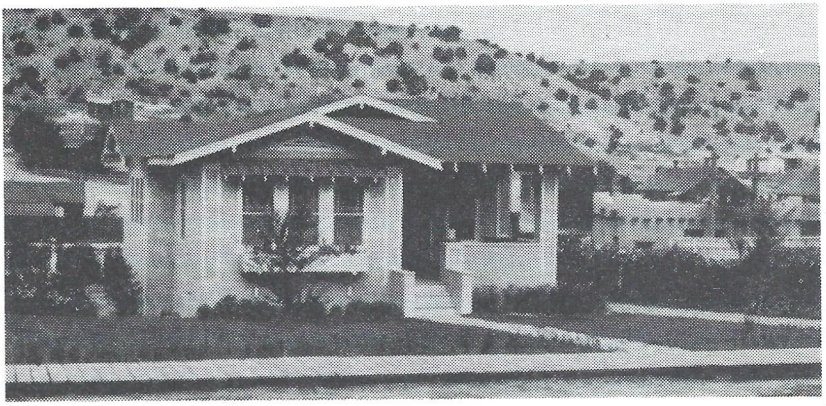
Later, in 1929, land was conveyed to the State Board of Education and an Elementary school was built. In 1938 the new modern High School was completed. A fully stocked department store supplied all the people's needs.

Every precaution was taken for the protection of the

miners. Electrical equipment of all kinds was used in the mines for safety and to lighten the laborious process used heretofore to mine the coal.

The peak production of the coal mines was in 1928 when 87,148 tons of anthracite coal and 97,562 tons of bituminous coal was shipped and the number of miners employed was 725. This level was never again reached but the production of coal achieved a more equitable basis and the welfare of the miners a much more higher standard of working and living conditions.

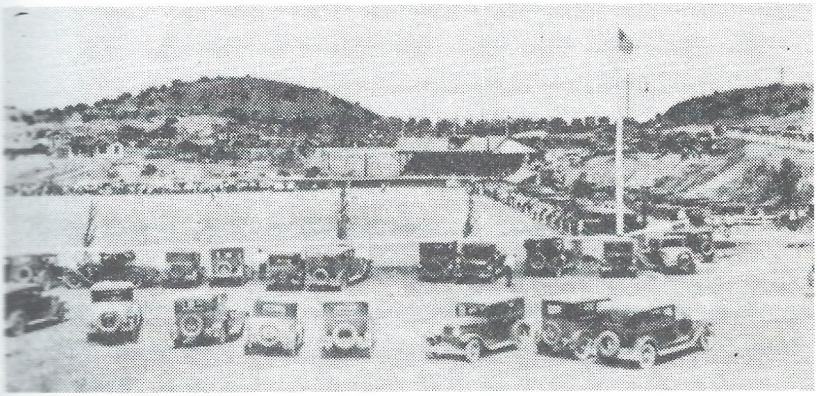
Mr. George Kaseman met an untimely death in an oil well explosion at Hobbs, New Mexico in 1938. Shortly after this Oscar Huber assumed the lease and continued to operate the property until 1947 when he purchased the land, coal, town and equipment from the Santa Fe Railroad and the Kaseman estate.



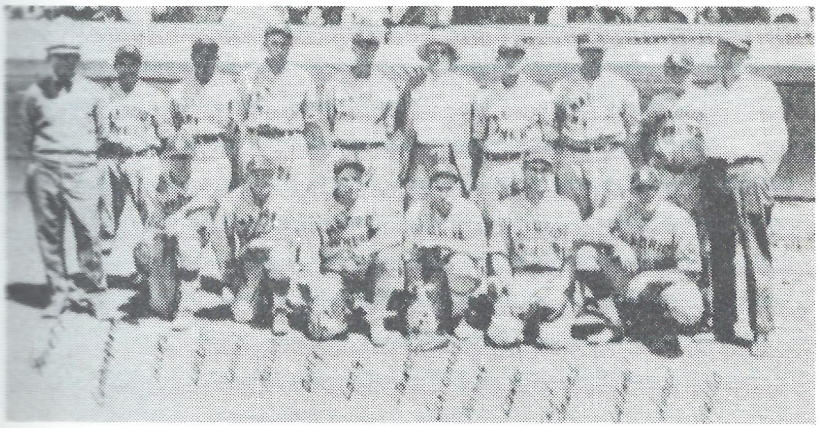
When I first saw Madrid, in 1927, with its population of twenty-five-hundred souls, I beheld one of the most unusual little towns in the United States. It was unusual because it did not bear the stamp of the typical coal mining towns scattered throughout the land. The houses in the Town proper were not crowded close together, row on row, each a replica of its neighbor, Jerry built, unpainted, run down shacks, but each was a neat, clean, comfortable, freshly painted home set well back from the Town's one paved street and board walks, behind white picket fences or stone walled terraces, surrounded by well kept lawns, shrubs, trees and flowers.

Madrid was a Company Town and Oscar Huber was The Company. Madrid flourished under a benign, just, understanding and generous company that used Nature's largess to provide work for the wage earners, market for the coal, administered law and order, provided and rented the comfort-

able two bedroom houses for thirty dollars a month, including free electricity for lights, heat and cooking (or coal if preferred) water and garbage disposal; conducted the businesses, Hotel, Drug Store, Tavern, Automobile Garage, Fire Station, Barber and Beauty shops, the Mercantile Store that supplied food, clothing, electrical appliances, as radios, record players, heaters, refrigerators, etc. A moving picture show opened and a fully equipped hospital was provided for doctors and dentists, with X-ray and laboratory facilities.



Each employee paid three dollars a month for himself and family for medical services. The Church and a large modern school and athletic field were available where the people enjoyed healthful exercise and good times. Each unit conducted its duties and affairs in an orderly and efficient manner denoting contentment, prosperity, security and peace. This small thriving community was abundantly equipped to care for its material



Madrid Champion Baseball Club.

and spiritual needs. This was all a part of the Company's plan to keep the people healthy, happy and prosperous. This did not happen over night. It took years of planning, working, full cooperation and the right spirit to reach this stage of development.

Madrid had a certain beauty about it, too. Perhaps the location had something to do with it, nestled there in the narrow valley, six thousand feet above sea level, protected by the surrounding, wooded mountains.

But it was not all peace, order, security and beauty. To the Northwest and South of Town on the way to Golden are the coal mines, the tipples, the railroad, the water-tank cars that brought the water for the Town's consumption, the empty or loaded coal cars ready to haul out the coal that was the life blood of the Town. Somehow there seemed to be an invisible barrier between the peace and quiet of the Town and the dirt, rattle, and din of the small loaded cars clicking over the rails from the mouths of the tunnels to the tipples, dumping their loads and returning for more; the crash and roar of the coal pouring down the chutes to the waiting railroad cars below; the clouds of black dust and smoke; the hiss of steam and the everyday rounds of a work-a-day world, which was too often interrupted when tragedy struck, followed by the awful silence of bitter sorrow which hung over the valley when husband, father, brother or son died in the black depths of the unfeeling mountain.

The living must go on and the men must work so after a decent interval the daily activities were resumed.

Perhaps the inherent faith and courage of the people permeated the atmosphere and a feeling of peace did prevail. The Company and the people worked together to make Madrid the most renowned coal mining town in the world. Madrid was their Town and they were proud of it.

The Madrid Employees Club was formed, a Civil Organization, with dues of seventy five cents a month. The members, with the assistance of the Company, as early as 1920, had a fine baseball park with the first electric score board and the first electric lighted field in the State for night time baseball games. The Madrid Miners were the Central New Mexico League Champions.

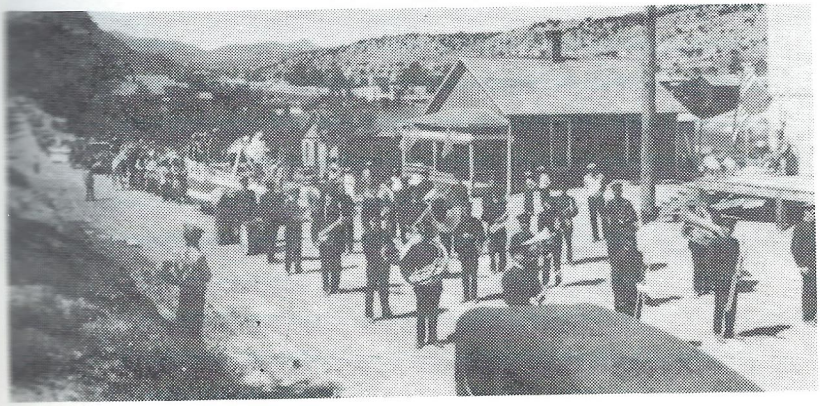
Madrid had tennis courts, a seven hole golf course, out door basket ball courts, a Gun Club Shooting Range and a thir-

ty piece brass band.

The women of Madrid also loved this little village and with the formation of the Employees Club prevailed upon husbands, brothers, fathers and sons to follow the example set by Mr. Huber, whose beautiful flower garden was the envy of the Town and added much to it, to help them improve their living conditions and beautify their surroundings. The men responded by cleaning and improving the streets, laying sidewalks, planting trees, contributing money and helping to plant the grass, the vegetable and flower gardens. From the early Spring blooming bulbs, tulips, hyacinths and lilies to the late flowering chrysanthemums and the large, showy dahlias, the people worked in their gardens which were a delight to behold.

Madrid had no water supply, except in the mines which was not fit for human consumption but which was pumped out for use on lawns, vegetable gardens, shrubs, flowers and trees. A large amount of water, 120,000 to 160,000 gallons, was hauled to the town every day in railroad tank cars from the main line of the Santa Fe at Waldo five miles away, then stored in reservoirs on top of the hill and piped into town. A flat rate of one dollar a month was charged each family regardless of how much they used.

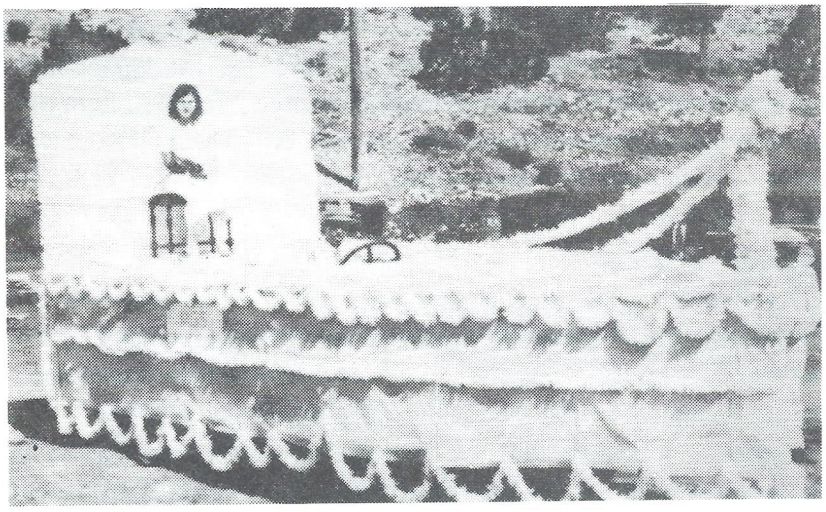
After Lent the Easter egg hunt was an annual event. One hundred and fifty dozen eggs were provided by the Company and colored by the women of the town and then hidden around the golf course. The laughing, happy children participated in the hunt and kept all the eggs they found. All the children were given a special treat of a bag of colored candy Easter eggs, gift of the Company.



Madrid Brass Band. Photo Ralph Looney.

For ten years the Employee Club, the Baseball Club and the Company sponsored a Fourth of July Celebration, which was attended by an average of six thousand guests. A paid invitation was carried in the "New Mexico Magazine" and newspapers. Everyone was invited to this as well as to the annual picnic, with a parade, entertainment, food and games, all free.

The newspapers throughout the State carried stories of these events. "The Albuquerque Journal" of July 5, 1922 had this to say: "Of all the Fourth of July celebrations held all over the country it is doubtful if any can be found to surpass the one held at the booming town of Madrid. The parade had interesting floats of every description: Francisco Morales, the famous Mexican clown, the Santa Fe Band and the Spanish Serenadors, baseball games, a wrestling match between Purdin and Klingman, a boxing match between George Gomez and Evariste Montoya with John Flaska, acting as referee, the Santa Fe Entertainers Nick Escageda, Julio Gonzales, Alije Gutierrez, Maida Lopez, the renowned Spanish dancer, Mabel Luna, Elias Maese, Jules Verne Allen, the singing cowboy and famous Brunswick recording artist, Haske Naswood, Navajo Baritone and the Taos Indian dancers all gave a grand performance."



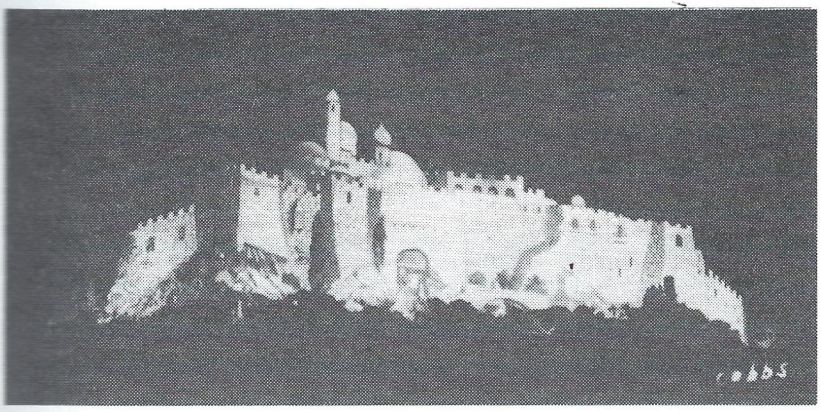
Fourth of July Parade float. Photo courtesy Joe Huber.

In the evening the Baseball Park was crowded to overflowing for the Patriotic concert by the Conquistadores Band of Santa Fe, with scenic effects of virgin forests, adobe ranch

houses, round-up and chuck wagon scenes; followed by a magnificent pyrotechnic display, which cost one thousand dollars to produce. A carnival street dance closed the festivities in the wee small hours of the morning.

For a number of years Madrid probably had more automobiles per capita than anywhere else in the world. In 1922 the Madrid Motor Club was organized. The members agreed that owning a car required something more than the rutted, dirt roads that wandered over hill and valley at will. The people of Madrid wanted the most pleasure they could possibly get from their possessions; so the men spent their free time, for weeks, to the grading, building and improving the roads on which to drive their cars.

As Christmas drew near, the wives and children clamored for Christmas trees to be placed in front of each house. The forest supplied the trees for the cutting and hauling in. Each family contributed the decorations and a few strings of colored lights. That was in 1922. I think it was in 1935 that the idea of for a few weeks turning Madrid into all that Christmas represents was voiced.



Christmas display of Jerusalem. Photo by Cobb.

The idea was enthusiastically received and all, even the poorest and humblest, had a part in the most gigantic production, in a natural setting, that has ever been equaled in the United States (or perhaps in the World) before or since. In the following years new displays were built and for weeks before Christmas men, women and children were busy preparing for the Yuletide season when, once again, that age old story was portrayed, sung and told in a setting reminiscent of the Holy

Land.

The beautifully constructed displays that had been used before were taken from storage, repaired, repainted if needed and carted up the mountain sides, costumes were renovated, arches and towers of evergreen created, wires strung for the electric lights, hundreds of evergreen trees were brought in from the adjacent mountains, suggestions made, and new ideas tried out.

Everyone contributed ideas, time and money (supplemented by the Company) over the years to the building of new displays and improving on the old, the building of roads over steep mountain sides for the placing of them, the planning and arranging of the decorations, the electrical installation for the transmitters of the Public Address system, for the music and the fifty thousand lights. Some of the large bulbs were more than seven inches and each display had to be placed in its proper setting. All this required the combined efforts of three to four hundred men, working in well organized groups, in their spare time. Each was eager to take his turn after he had finished his shift in the mine. None was too tired to do his share, even to the filling of the bags of candy, nuts, popcorn, apples and oranges, or the wrapping of a toy for a boy or girl from one to fourteen years of age, which was distributed by a jovial Santa Claus at the School House on Christmas morning with a special gift of a free ticket to the picture show in the afternoon. All gifts were furnished by the Company.

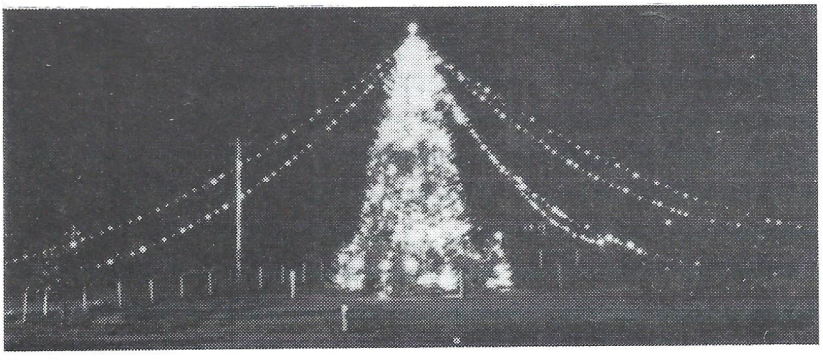
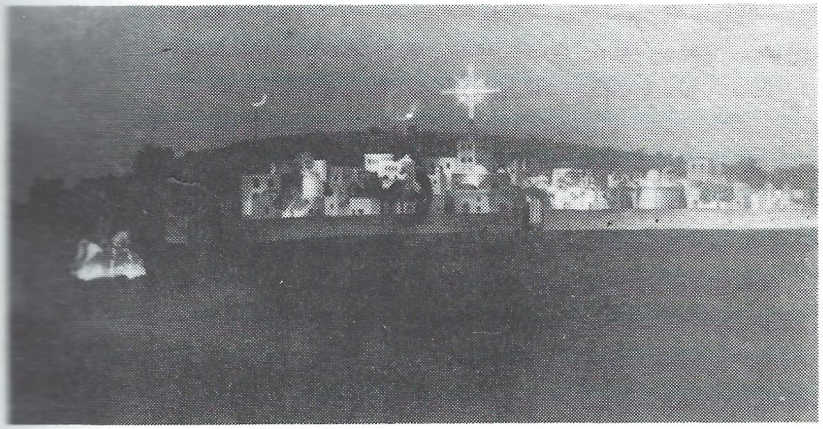


Photo courtesy Joe Huber.

The women and girls fashioned the costumes for all the characters, from the choir boys to the Madonna. And the men of the Employees Club built and painted all the displays depic-

ting the age old Christmas story of the birth of the Holy Babe. Some of the displays were seventy-five feet long and eighteen to thirty-five feet high. The giant Christmas tree, composed of twenty-five large evergreen trees wired to a pole ninety feet tall, stands four hundred feet above the valley floor and is illumined by fifteen hundred large electric lights and as many mirrors, making this ingenious arrangement appear to be a cascade of pure liquid light. A fourteen foot star shone over Bethlehem and an adobe wall was built around the city.



Bethlehem. Photo courtesy Joe Huber.

From the first week in December until after the New Year this small Town of fifteen hundred souls was host to more than 100,000 visitors a year from all parts of the United States and some foreign countries.

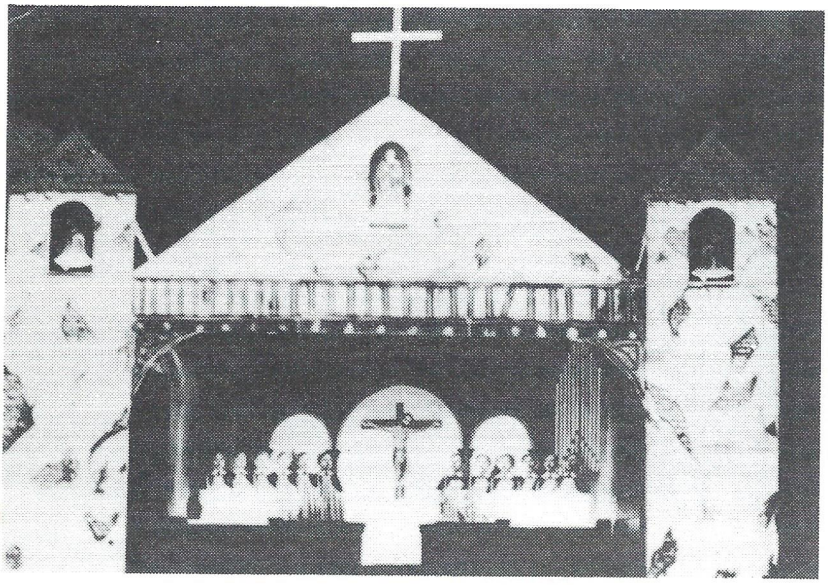
Trans-Continental Airways re-routed its cross country flights to give its passengers a view of the Madrid presentation. It was a never to be forgotten spectacle from the air. However, the passengers missed the jingle of Santa's sleigh bells and the sacred music floating down from the high bluffs that were Madrid's back drop for the Holy Land pageant.

It was a gala night, indeed, when all was ready and the Governor of the State of New Mexico touched the button that turned on the lights and the music and, figuratively speaking, threw wide the gates of fairyland.

One hundred and fifty thousand lights were used, thousands of dollars were spent each year, weeks and months of planning and loving labor went into the making of this elaborate panorama where every year thousands of people

drove hundreds of miles to view the World's outstanding Christmas spectacle.

The coal company power plant operated twenty four hours a day at top speed to provide the electricity for this huge production. It is estimated that approximately 500,000 kilowatt hours of electricity were required for the Christmas lights at an estimated cost of $50,000.



Photo, Courtesy Joe Huber

It was the Christmas season of 1935 when, with my family and some friends, I tramped through the snow from one end of Madrid to the other and witnessed the ultimate of indescribable beauty of this man made fairyland.

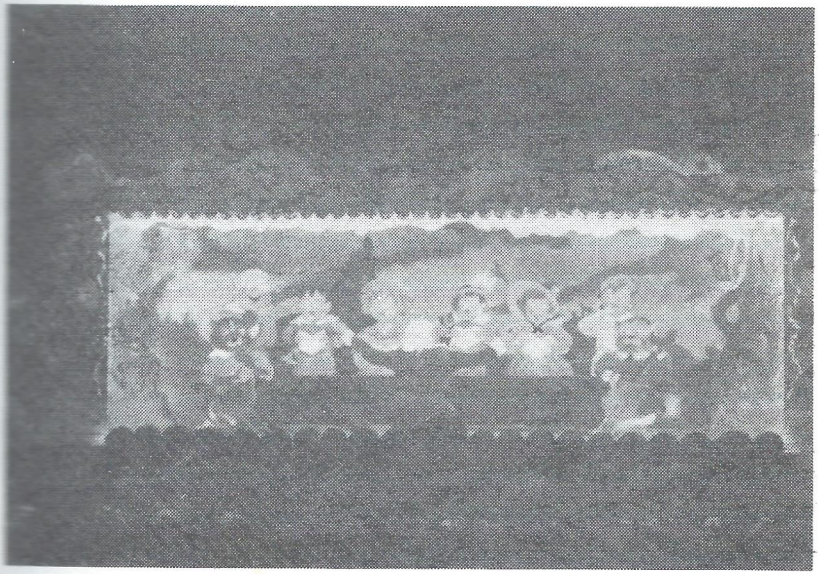
Each house boasted a Christmas tree, inside and out, glittering with tinsel and varicolored lights and bright ornaments. Each home, or business, as the case may be, was festooned with evergreen wreaths, with candles, lights and on the lawns, in many places, were familiar Christmas scenes or unique mechanical devices and humorous figures attesting to the individuality and artistry of its occupants. Each one seemed to outdo the other.

High up on the mountain side, standing out of the darkness, was a trumpeter dressed in medieval costume blowing visible notes of glad tidings of great joy from his trumpet (all

outlined in lights); nearby stood a silver tree with blue lights and ornaments twenty-five feet tall.

Six hundred feet from the valley floor an airplane flew through the night, its propeller and landing lights flashing, outlined with multi-colored lights.

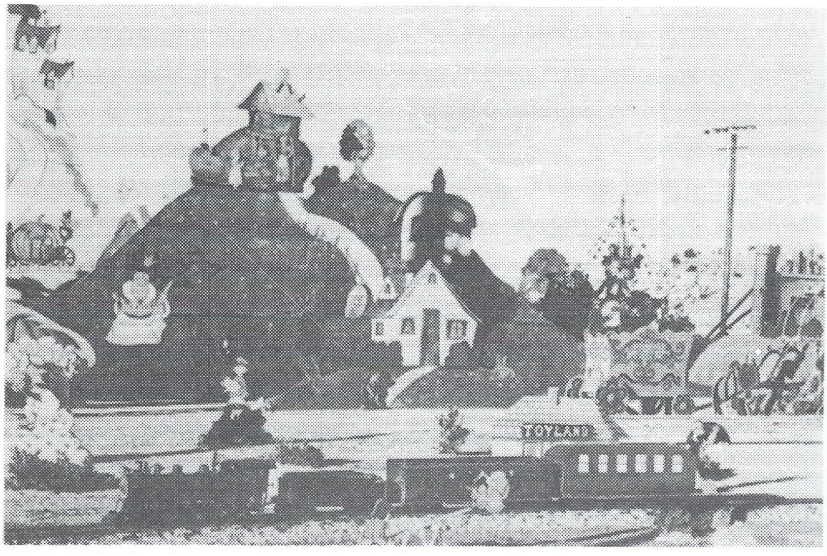
A church with a boy's choir sang Christmas carols, and as one enters the North gate, a Christmas tree surmounts the fifteen foot post at each end of the three foot wide lighted "Merry



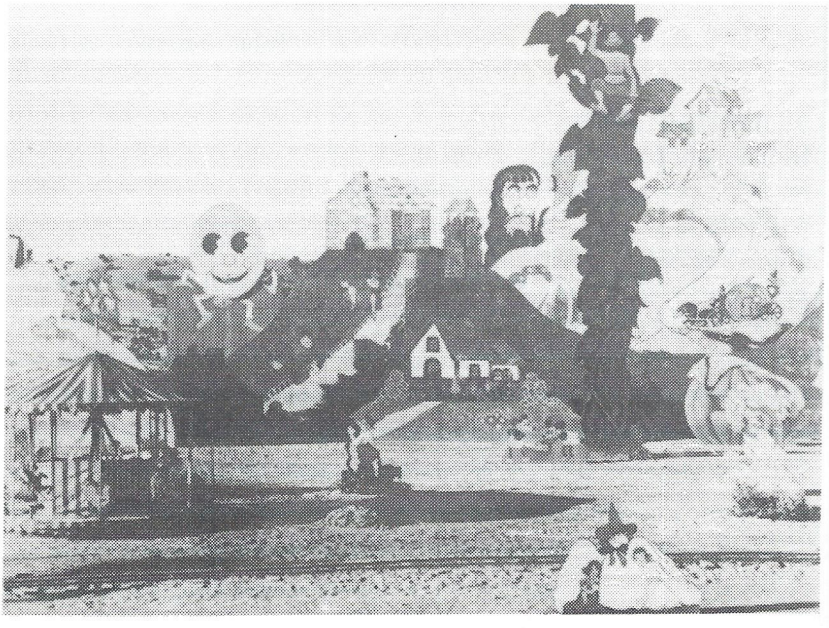
Photo, courtesy Joe Huber

Christmas" Welcome sign. The visitor saw to the right of him (what in more prosaic days was the athletic field) a giant toyland, all brilliantly lighted with brightly decorated trees everywhere. There was the house that Jack built, Peter the Pumpkin Eater, Jack and Jill tumbling down the hill. The three little pigs and the Big Bad Wolf trying to blow the House Down, Jack and The Bean Stalk, a Dutch Mill with wheel turning, Little Red Riding Hood at Grandma's House and the Wolf at the door. Mickey Mouse and Minnie, The Old Woman and her many children that lived in a shoe. The Cow jumping over the Moon while the Cat Fiddled, there was Pop Eye the sailor man at the Toyland Railroad Station, where the huffing, puffing, chugging, miniature train whistled to a stop to take on another load of joyful children and then, with a ringing of the bell was on its way again, piloted by Santa himself. The Moon Came

Over the Mountain and Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall. On a rise to the right was a Choir of storybook characters singing their related melodies ringing sweet and clear on the midnight air.



Toyland, Courtesy N.M. Tourist Bureau

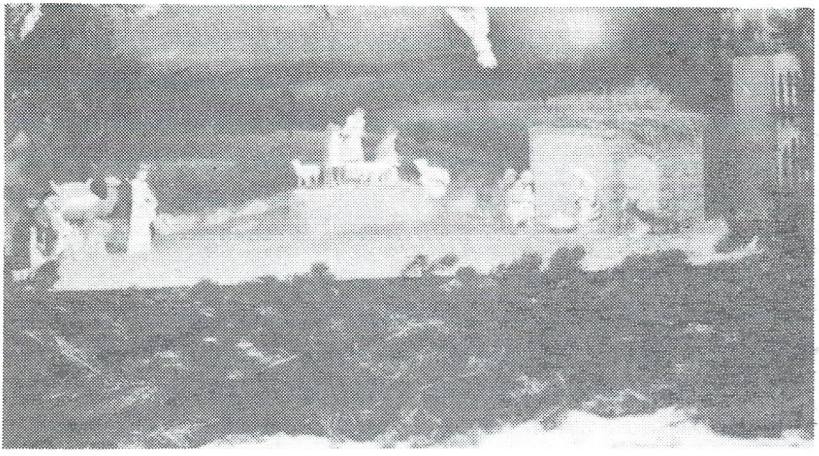


On either side of the highway leading to Toyland were lighted electric candles six feet tall. Nearby the everyday school house was also transformed. On its snow covered roof grew large evergreen trees. Eight life size reindeers galloped over the snow, sleigh bells jingling, pulling a sleigh heaped high with toys and driven by Santa Claus, cracking his whip and shouting to the reindeer. Luminarias outlined the roof of the building while spotlights showed Santa, his sleigh and reindeer in bold relief against the blue black sky.

Just below, the center of the building was arranged to simulate a home, with wreaths in the lighted windows and a living room in the center. A huge chimney rose above the fireplace, the fire burning brightly, candles were on the mantel on which the stockings hung, ready to be filled with Christmas goodies. Before the fireplace a life size figure of a round eyed, tousle haired little boy, clad in pajamas, with his dog sitting beside him, both looking expectantly up the chimney for Santa Claus.

Down in the town, appropriately enough, was the inn, all brilliantly illuminated and filled with guests, and there in one corner of the stable yard was the stable. A crude affair, with its thatched roof, manger and straw covered floor, and hollowed out drinking trough. The real, live cow and sheep were there; the one lying in the straw contentedly chewing her cud, the

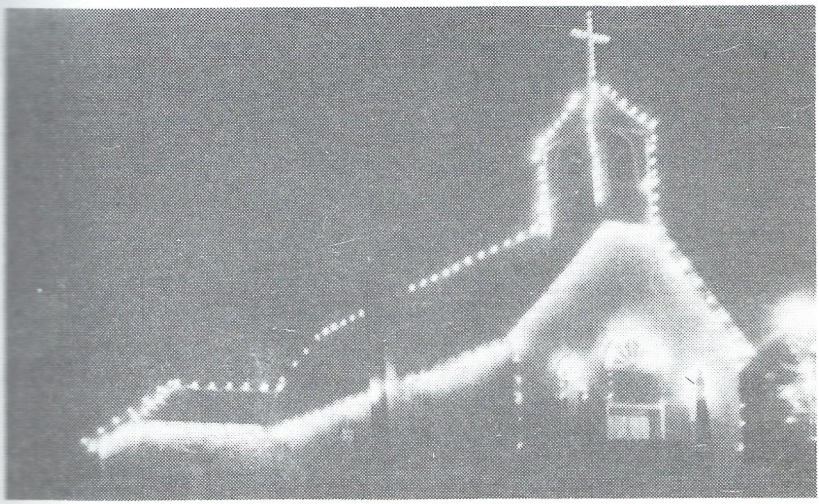
sheep standing quietly to one side and the donkey standing patiently outside. Inside the stable and grouped about the manger, in which the Babe in swaddling clothes lay, were the life size figures of Mary and Joseph and the adoring shepherds.



Further along the street was a huge, three dimensional painting; showing the dark, winter sky above the rolling hills, the three kings of the Orient, bearing gifts and pausing for a restful moment beneath a tall tree; on an elevation in the center of the picture, were the shepherds and their sheep. The bright, guiding light of the star over the stable, adjacent to the city of Bethlehem, was the angel above watching over the Babe in the manger and Joseph, with another man, kneeling in adoration before Him.

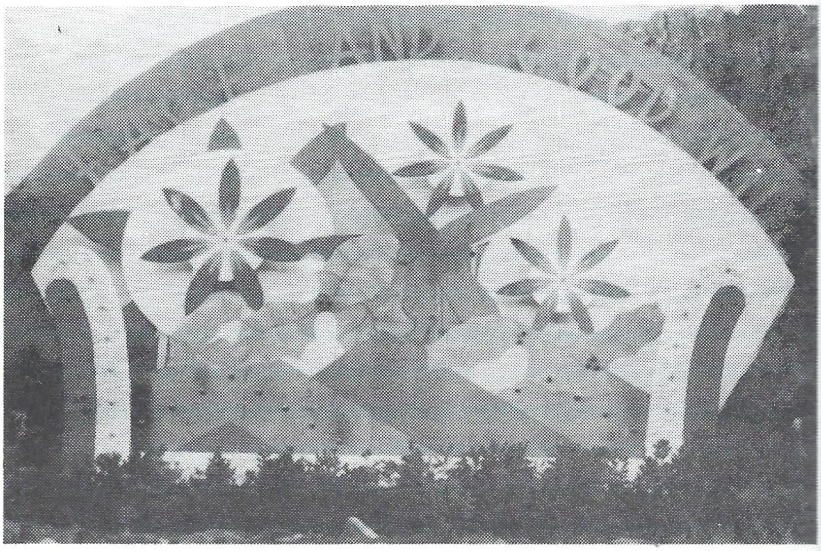
Flight into Egypt. Photos courtesy Joe Huber.

As we moved along we saw to our right, on the darkened hillside (which in the light of day disclosed houses, garages and the church) nothing but the gorgeously lighted Christmas trees before each building and the red, blue and yellow lights outlining the Church. Once more we turned our eyes to the dark mountain side, to our left, and there, leaving Bethlehem were Joseph leading the donkey on which Mary rode, bearing in her arms the Infant Jesus. They were fleeing from Herod's wrath across the desert sands toward the pyramids of Egypt.



Reluctantly we turned away from this awe inspiring spectacle.

As we passed through the south gate there hung a huge Christmas card, its vari-colored lighted basket of flowers and lettering giving us the blessing of God's speed and best wishes for a happy yuletide. (If one entered from the south, a gaily trimmed sign, outlined with colored lights, surmounted by evergreen trees, spanned the highway wishing all a Merry Christmas.) Across the bridge with the tipple, tall smokestacks and cars loaded with coal in the background, were pillars wrapped with evergreen boughs supporting an arrangement of evergreen festoons in the center and a huge evergreen wreath with a radiant star in the center.

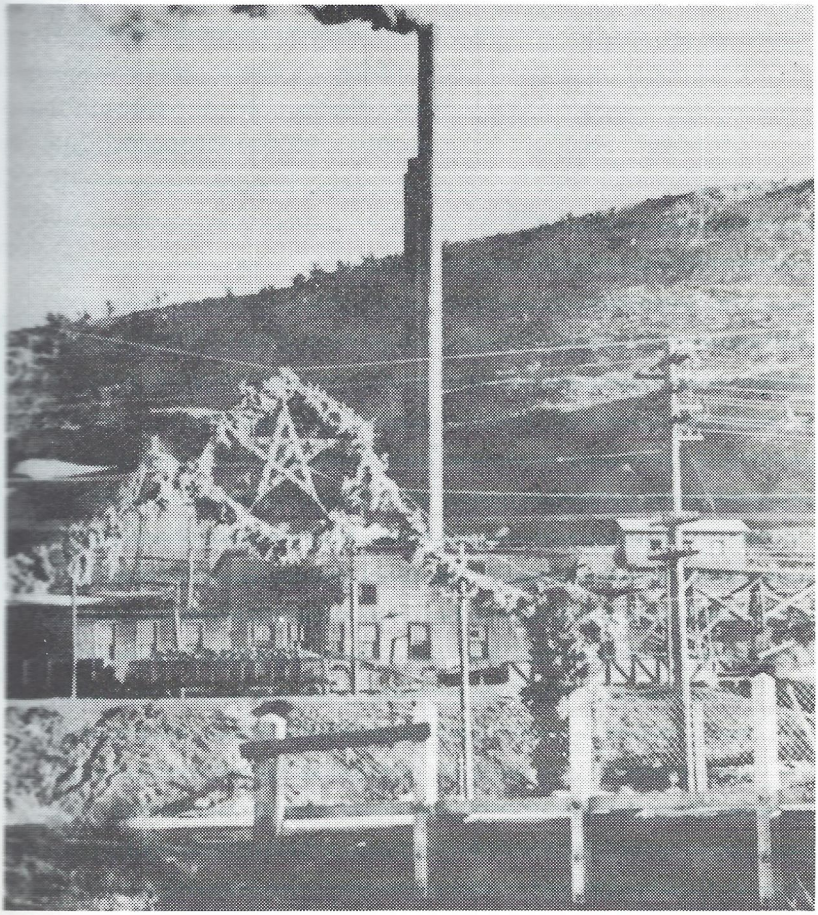


By 1939, due to the widespread use of natural gas, the market for anthracite coal decreased, and the attack of some little yellow men on an American installation, thousands of miles away decided the future of Madrid.

The news of Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, cast a pall of gloom over the citizens of the United States and forecast the doom of this little peaceful village tucked away in the mountains of New Mexico.

However, that night the star of hope cast its rays over the little town of Bethlehem and the angel choir sang "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" and "Joy to the World" echoed from the protecting hills, for the last time, which had so beautifully portrayed the birth of the Christ Child, God's promise to the world that peace, love and joy should live forever in the hearts of men of good will.

MERRY
CHRISTMAS



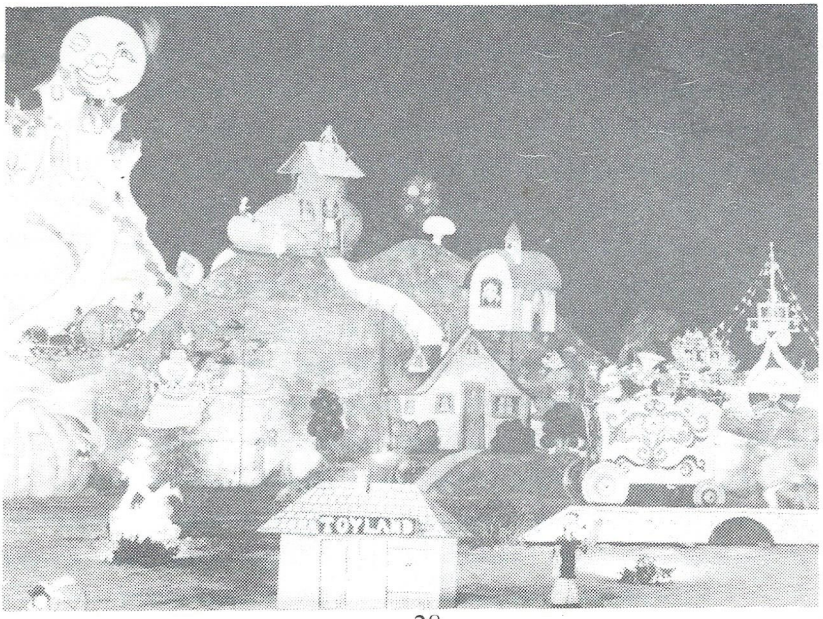
The armed forces and the defense industry of World War Two took their toll of the Madrid population, for many of the patriotic miners wished to be a part of the war effort, which greatly reduced the mining crews.

This posed a very serious problem. For the sudden change from supplying coal to, a more or less, stable market was now forced to meet the demands of the war industries. Madrid had a difficult time meeting the fuel needs of the Los Alamos Atomic Laboratory with the reduced output from the mines. To do this the coal was often channeled from the regular markets.

At the end of the war, more and more gas was piped into new areas and, with the additional use of electricity the need for coal was decreased.

The former residents of Madrid who had left to serve our country did not return to mine coal at Madrid. The coal reserve is still there in abundance, estimated at more than fifty million tons, but the new government regulations, the installation of new modern machinery and the high cost of production, the more scientific methods of producing heat and power, have placed the mining of coal at Madrid on an unprofitable basis.

Madrid died; but the memories of something unique, the cooperation of a small group of dedicated people with the real Christmas spirit which gave to the world, for a short time, a matchless pageant of peace on earth, good will to men, is gone with yesterday.



CHAPTER IV

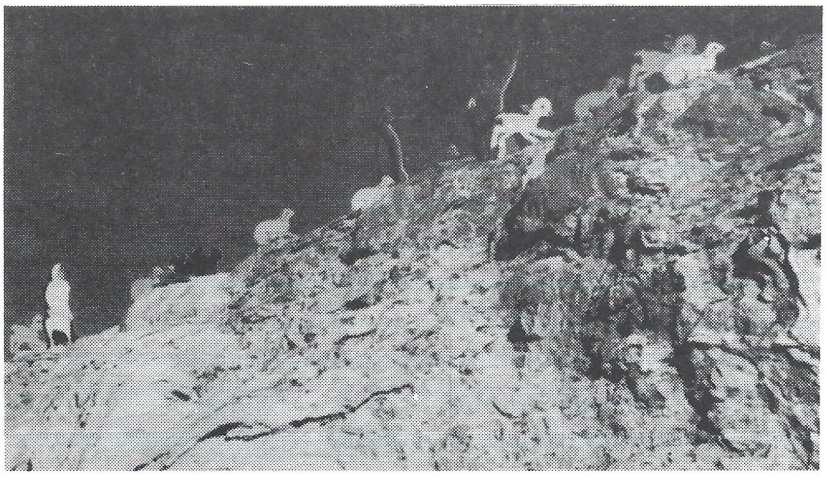
The City of Bethlehem

Since the famous Madrid Christmas exhibit closed in 1941, Gallup was one of the New Mexico towns attempting to follow the example set by that little mountain village.

Sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Gallup purchased some of the world famous Madrid exhibits and set them up in Christmas Canyon near the town. Some of the religious and children's story book scenes were spotlighted and brought out in bold relief against the back drop of the canyon walls.

Madrid had the space, the snow covered surrounding wooded hills and the source of the thousands of lights which Gallup lacked. After Christmas the exhibits were stored to await another year, but a devastating fire broke out in the storage building and all the Christmas displays were destroyed.

The Indian schools and some of the Pueblos display the creche, Magi and shepherds with live Indians filling the roles of characters.



Jemez Springs Photo Harvey Caplin

At Jemez Springs, high above the Village, are several displays and on a ledge above the Sacred Soda Dam are the life size figures of sheep (including the playful black one) and the three shepherds; a Navajo, a Plains Indian, and a Pueblo Indian, following the star to the log stable. Above the stable the star and an angel, blowing a trumpet bring the glad tidings of great joy to the world. The life size figures of Mary, Joseph and the babe in the manger, the Magi and the animals spotlighted on a snow covered bridge, stand out against the winter midnight sky startlingly realistic. Many story book scenes, as the Old Lady in the Shoe, Santa and Mrs. Claus with the busy elfin helpers, other life size figures and a toy train, at various vantage points throughout the village, were all painted by Al and Natachee Momaday.

The Community Club sponsors the Christmas display and has many money making projects used to continue to have more exhibits each year.

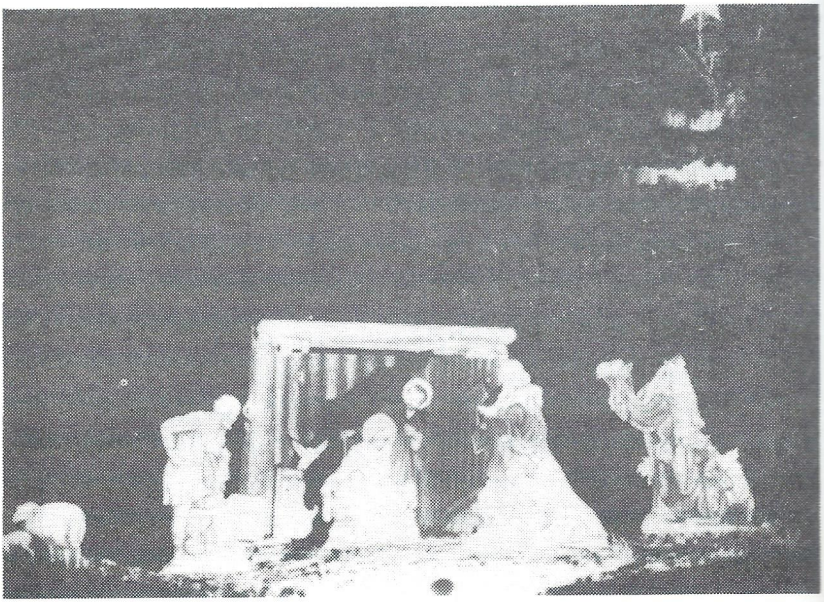
Raton is a worthy heir to the Madrid's world famous presentation of the Christmas pageant. The high, wooded mountain sides of Climax Canyon provide a realistic setting for the elaborate display. The colorful illuminated street, houses, lawns which the public-spirited householders of Apache Avenue have decorated for the Yuletide; the story book characters and the two large figures of angels at the entrance to the canyon, are all reminiscent of that Christmas in the city that is Gone-With-Yesterday.

When Madrid's Christmas display was just a seed planted in the fertile minds of a few residents, Raton was a beautifully decorated town at Christmas time.

I remember Raton in 1929 as one drove along the snow covered brilliantly decorated Main street, on either side, from one end of town to the other, the decorations of the buildings and on the house tops were many well lighted displays and high up on the hill overlooking the town a huge star shone forth proclaiming to all the world the glory of the new born King in tastefully executed settings of the Christmas story.

People remember Madrid and in 1946 the Lion's Club of Raton decided the Christmas pageant should be one of concerted effort on the part of the townspeople to make of it a civic production. The first step was the erection of a nativity scene on the court house lawn. This, like Topsy 'jes growed' into what is today a magnificent production in Climax Canyon.

The Lion's Club and volunteer citizens work for weeks before Christmas repairing, repainting, replacing what is necessary for the huge displays, the placing of them in proper sequence high on the mountain sides and on the canyon floor, placing and testing the lights, loud speakers and broadcasting system for the Christmas carols, for which the Raton Public Service Company furnishes the electricity. Artists, carpenters, electricians and laborers give of their time and talent to make this a success.



Santa Claus, his reindeers led by Rudolph, whose nose lights up. The Old Woman in the Shoe with her brood, the Cat and Fiddle and many other story book characters escort one through the shining entrance to the canyon. One pauses for a moment to absorb the panorama and the Christmas music filling the air and is struck with a feeling of reverential awe at the splendor portrayed.

The lights so artfully placed give a three dimensional effect to the life size figures of Joseph leading the donkey on which Mary rides on the way to Bethlehem, and the inn where they are refused shelter.

The natural setting of the shepherds tending their flocks, startled by the radiant star and the figures of the angels descending from the darkened sky prepare the viewer for the manger in the valley where the Holy Babe lies, adored by Joseph, Mary and the shepherds. The animals gathered around the manger, and the wise men bringing gifts to the new born King.

The dramatic flight into Egypt, and a scene in the temple when Jesus was ten years old. Some twenty sets in all constitute this magnificent display, which well deserves the appellation of the city of Bethlehem. Its fame is spreading. Visitors from New Mexico and from many parts of the country (by actual count) came in 12,822 cars to see this wonderful exhibit in 1970.

CHAPTER V

Las Pasadas

For hundreds of years New Mexico has preserved its many old native customs, fiestas, and historical pageants. Beginning with "Los Moros Los Cristianos," depicting the overcoming of the moors (representative of evil) and the Christians (representative of Good) performed only by men on horseback, the pageantry has continued with the religious drama of the "Penitentes" the "Corpus Christ" and the "Martyrs Cross" processions, through the mourning of Holy Week. The solemn entrada of De Vargas, during fiesta week (portraying his dangerous exploit of overcoming the Indian tribes) and his re-conquering the the Holy City of Santa Fe, into a hostile pueblo after the planting of the Cross and the scarlet and gold banners of Castile before the Palace.

All these historical pageants appeal to the inherent Spanish love of drama and kept alive, even to this day, the re-enactment of the most dramatic episodes of Colonial History. These same traditions which originated in Spain have changed little in these once isolated villages of mountain and valleys.

There was no separation of Church and State in the early days. Joy was part of the religion of a happy, laughter loving people. Their material food, clothing and shelter were abundantly supplied by the earth, water, forests and animals which required the minimum of work for human hands to cultivate and utilize the abundance of Nature. Their spiritual needs, through Faith, were just as simple and just as necessary to their way of life and they were on the most familiar terms

with the Saints of the Heavenly Host through the dark valley of the shadows to the mountain tops of joy.

Their Philosophy of being happy today and letting tomorrow take care of itself was manifest in their daily life.

They followed closely — whether they were aware of it or not — the commandments of the Master; "Love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and thy neighbor as thyself; Honor thy father and thy mother; remember the Sabbath day and keep it Holy; Take no heed for the morrow; lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth; fear not for I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . that your joy might be full;" The Colonial settlers appeared to have a mystic sense of communion between earth — the material — and heaven — the spiritual.

So the fiestas of Saints days and Noche Buena are days of great joy; when work is abandoned, when families are united and traveled on foot, or in whatever conveyance they might have, to a homecoming or a happy time of visiting friends in another village, they celebrate a special day of entertainment, races, games, singing, dancing and feasting.

The evening before fiesta Vesper services are held in the old adobe church where the Saints are arrayed in gay colored silk dresses adorned with strings of beads. After Vespers men, women and children emerge quietly into the darkness of Winter's early night, relieved by the luminarias — which is a lighted candle set in sand in a brown paper bag — outlining the flat roofs of each adobe house and the blazing little bonfires which guide the people to the dance hall where the music of the guitars and violins (some often home made) invites the young ones and those that are young in heart to dance, the children to have fun and the oldsters to sit, smoke, watch the dancing and visit with friends.

Tradition gives the origin of the stacked wooden luminarias as the little bonfires the shepherds used in far off Bethlehem to keep the wolves away from the flock (and themselves) and to furnish heat on the cold winter nights.

Before this time, in what is today the country known as Spain, the pagans prepared bonfires on the hills and mountain tops to celebrate the feasts dedicated to their gods. With the coming of Christianity the luminarias were converted to Christian usage.

In many towns in New Mexico each month (and sometimes more often) there is a Saint's Day fiesta; December has two, the

"Feast of Guadalupe" and the "Natividad de Jesus."

The Christmas season in New Mexico begins December the eleventh to commemorate the miraculous appearance of the Virgin of Guadalupe before the poor, humble peon, Juan Diego, in Mexico, who was searching for Christian knowledge and an understanding of divine doctrine.

In the early dawn of a cold winter's day when Juan Diego was ascending a hill near Tepeyac he heard the beautiful strains of a bird's song the like of which he had never heard before. He stopped to listen and the birdsong ceased and then he heard a soft musical voice calling his name. He followed the sound of the voice and as he reached the summit of the hill he beheld a lady of radiant beauty in surroundings of unearthly splendor. She asked him where he was going and he replied he was going to the church at Tlatelolco to learn about the divine mysteries. She now revealed her identity as Mary, ever Virgin Mother of the true God and bade Juan go to the Bishop and tell him word for word what he had seen and heard and also that the Holy Mother desired a Temple to be built in the valley in her honor.

Juan ran to the Bishop and told him all he had seen and heard. The Bishop was skeptical as Juan Diego was a recent convert and was apparently carried away by his zeal to glorify the Virgin Mary. When Juan assured him he had told the truth the Bishop finally asked for further proof of Juan's claims. Downhearted, Juan returned to Tepeyac where he again beheld the lady awaiting him. She comforted Juan and bade him return to the Bishop and repeat her message. Juan was aware of his humble station in life and begged the lady to find a more important person to carry her message to the Bishop, but she insisted that she had chosen Juan for this service.

Juan forgot the lady and her message when he returned to his jacal and found his uncle, with whom he lived, near death. Juan ran to bring the priest but as he passed Tepeyac he remembered his mission.

Ashamed he skirted the hill to avoid the lady but there she was descending from the summit of the hill. Immediately she instructed Juan to go to the top of the hill where he would find some flowers blooming, pluck them and bring them to her. It was winter, everything was frozen.

Reluctantly, Juan obeyed and when he reached the summit he was amazed to find quantities of red roses, fresh with dew, blooming there. He carefully gathered some of them, placing

them in his tilma, and carried them through the snow down the hill to the lady. She re-arranged them in his cloak and, handing the garment to him she said: "Least of my sons, this cluster of roses is the sign which you must take to the Bishop: You are to tell him, in my name, that in them he will recognize my will and that he must fulfill it."

Juan Diego taking the tilma in his hand, returned to the Bishop repeating what the lady had said. Falling upon his knees he spread his tilma on the floor. As the Bishop gathered the roses into his arms, he was amazed to see imprinted in the coarsely woven yucca cloth tilma, in beautiful painted colors, the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe!

The story of Juan Diego and copies of his miraculous painting came to New Mexico with the Conquistadores and has been venerated and celebrated as having prepared the way for a greater understanding of the meaning of the coming of the Christ Child.

For hundreds of years the story of God's greatest gift to mankind has been portrayed in the little mountain villages of New Mexico. The actors are chosen from one or more villages and begin to practice their parts on the Virgin of Guadalupe day. The very simplicity of the settings, the actors themselves, and the spoken words leave a lasting impression upon one who has been privileged to witness the production. There is no need for artificial scenery, for the little adobe houses and the snow covered hills are reminiscent of the little town of Bethlehem of long ago.

Inside the cheerful little houses the women folk are busy making Christmas dainties; outside the men and boys are setting fresh candles, replacing torn bags of the luminarias that have been on the housetops since the last Virgin of Guadalupe Day. The snow is carefully cleared from the street and from in front of the houses, then the four split pieces of pitch wood, about two feet long, are placed in a hollow square, two logs high, in front of each house and in the surrounding cordilleras (mountain ranges). When lighted, these luminarias symbolize the coming of the Christ Child to each humble home and to light the way of Joseph and Mary as they go through the town seeking shelter for the night.

Someone has said; "Tradition is something vital that unites the past to the present and generates life for the future."

This inherited culture, from generation to generation, has

done much to mold national and racial characteristics of the many races.

The sixteenth century was the Golden Age of Spain and Spanish drama and plays based on Bible stories were performed on movable stages, set before the churches, throughout the Kingdom.

The story of the Virgin of Guadalupe and of the birth of the baby Jesus were written in Old Mexico in the 17th and 18th centuries for and performed by the Spanish and the converted Indians of Old Mexico who loved drama, pantomime and dramatic story telling as well as the Spanish did..

Through the hundreds of years, since its inception, the Christmas story, embracing "Las Posadas," "Los Pastores," "El Auto de Los Reyes Magos," etc., has undergone many changes. The versions differ but the principle elements remain the same.

"Las Posadas" follows the feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe and is performed from December 11th through December twenty-fourth. Most versions including stopping at nine houses, whose inhabitants have been previously invited to participate for nine nights.

Joseph leading the burro upon which Mary is sitting, guided by the luminarias which casts a radiant glow over the snowy landscape, approaches each door, knocks loudly and sings:

Joseph.
From a very long journey
We've arrived and are weary:
And come to implore you
For shelter this night.
Innkeeper.
Who is this that asks me?
Entrance I deny,
For they may be robbers
Who to steal I would try.
Joseph.
Of your heart I'd rob you,
Not your goods or your life,
That you may give shelter
To my espoused wife.
Innkeeper
There is not a corner
Free, that we can spare:
All outdoors is empty,
Seek your lodging there.
Joseph.
My dear wife is suffering,
Take Her as your guest:
She but needs a corner
In which She may rest.
Innkeeper.
Why do you disturb our rest?
By coming with such a request
Depart from this place
That we may get some sleep.
Joseph.
In the name of the Lord do this
For my cherished spouse;
She is cold and weary,
Open up your house.
Innkeeper.
Go, you foolish people,
You become annoying;
Leave us now in peace our
Rest you are destroying.

Joseph.
Save this lovely girl
Who waits beside me here:
She is weak and can't
Endure the cold severe.
Innkeeper
It is very late and
That's a likely story:
Of you we're suspicious
Go, or you'll be sorry.
Joseph.
In God's Name have mercy,
Midnight now is close,
The Queen of Heaven
Seeketh for repose.

Innkeeper.
Who is this that ruptures
Midnights gentle peace?
Go from hence and leave us,
You entreaties cease.
Joseph.
Joseph and Mary,
Come to you tonight,
Begging you for lodging
In our sorry plight.
Innkeeper.
No, we cannot listen
To your vain appeals:
Go and find lodging
Out in yonder fields.

Joseph and Mary are refused lodging in eight of the places visited but are finally received into the ninth which is usually the dance hall where the play Los Pastores takes place.

There are many versions of Los Pastores given in as many different localities in New Mexico.

LA MISA DE GALLO

After "Las Posada" and "Los Pastores" the families returned to their homes where there was music, singing, and the hilarious breaking of the piñata.

The colorful piñata is a clay jar filled with small gifts and sweets, covered with colored paper and is suspended from the ceiling. Today piñatas are very ornate, made in the form of birds, animals, airplanes, automobiles, etc., manufactured mostly for the tourist trade.

A small boy is blindfolded, armed with a long stick, turned round and round many times to lose his sense of direction, and laughingly told to break the piñata. His wild swinging of the stick and many misses are greeted with shouts of laughter and much advice how to hit the tantalizing, elusive piñata. When at last he lands the blow that breaks it, there is a mad scrambling among the young ones to get their share of the goodies.

Soon it is time for midnight mass, which among the Spanish speaking people is called La Misa del Gallo — the Mass of the Rooster.

There is an old story which tells that on "La Noche Bueno" — the Good Night, a rooster flew to a high place above the manger and crowed "Christ has been born" and another rooster added "In Bethlehem." This is possible, for does not the rooster announce the dawning of each new day and was it not the dawning of a New Day for all mankind when Christ was born in Bethlehem?

The day after Christmas groups of children, usually small boys, go from door to door — la pedido de los Oremus — singing their song, begging for gifts. "We pray thee, we but pray thee, knowing that we are but angels, and from heaven we have just come to beg thee for a little gift." They were never refused a goodly supply of holiday dainties.

Among the Spanish speaking people, Christmas is not the time for giving the more expensive and more important gifts, that is the time for gift giving to the child Jesus. But on January 6th the fiesta "de los Reyes Magos" — the feast of the Magi — is celebrated and then the more important, larger gifts are given.

CHAPTER VI

Los Pastores

Los Pastores was originally given in the churches and may still be given in some churches, as at Trampas and Chimayo.

The actors often had the same role, year after year, and the leading role was sometimes passed on from father to son for generations. There are many versions of Los Pastores; however, they are closely related and basically the same. A simple interpretation of the prophecies of the coming of the Messiah, the virgin birth, the human elements of selfishness, laziness (sloth), falsehood and poverty; yet through it all is woven the golden thread of faith, love, joy and the overcoming of evil by good, and man's redemption.

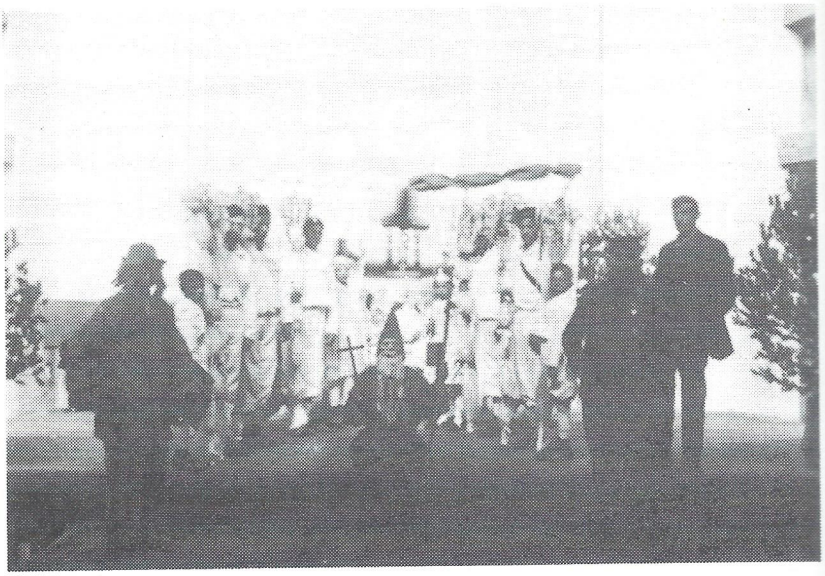
The cast includes a small girl wearing a white dress and veil, who sometimes also plays the part of the Madonna; the angel St. Michael, complete with wings, crown and sword, Lucifer, who appears in many disguises and at last as his true self, Diablo, with the long tail and horns. An aged hermit with his large cross and rosary. A choir, off stage.

The cast consists of:

Saint Michael and Saint Gabriel

Shepherds

Bato	Tebano
Gil	Lepido
Lipio	Tubal
Gila	The Hermit
Bartolo	(Diablo) Lucifer



The setting is a nacimiento, or creche at the center of the stage, with a manger filled with straw before it. Throne like chairs, for Joseph and Mary, and the Angel Gabriel and Michael are placed to the left and right of the cradle. As the choir sings the processional hymn, the entire cast enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds to the stage. A star appears as the song begins.

After the singing of the hymn, Joseph and Mary seat themselves and the shepherds move to a campfire at the left of the stage, some of them gather sheep, others firewood, and the shepherdess, Gila, prepares food for their supper, leaving Bartolo to tend the fire and assist Gila. However, Bartolo is not so inclined and he responds: "I take no part in these uproars, for I am not that way inclined, because I am very tired, and I feel a great weakness. And so, Bartolo, let us go to sleep while supper's cooking. Good night, all, and when it's time to eat, wake me up, Little Flower."

The shepherds return and lament the falling snow and the pack of wolves prowling about. Bartolo awakes and says; "If you have had your drink already, send the wine-skin over here, perhaps with just a taste I can stand the cold." He commands Gila to serve him food and a quarrel ensues. The hermit, an old whitebearded man, joins the group and urges them not to quarrel, he kneels and says his rosary, then rises, prepares his bedroll and advises all to rest.

Following the music, offstage, Lucifer (Diablo) leaps to the stage, he speaks of his power to war against mankind and the good man could do. He forsees a new evil, the birth in Bethlehem of a Savior, but is still confident of his power to destroy mankind and the Holy man, the hermit. He stoops over the hermit, who awakes in terror, taking him by the hand he leads the hermit away from the sleeping shepherds and persuaded him to carry out his plan to run away with Gila, the shepherdess.

Diablo says, "I'll tell you plainly, this life you lead is not fitting for a hermit. You should take the hand of the beautiful shepherdess, with her you could live happily among worldly delights. Marry her, perhaps being wedded you can escape the peril you are in by being a hermit." The hermit returns to the fire where Gila is sleeping. He takes her by the hand. The devil calls to the shepherds: "Shepherds, all with haste and care, the innocent Gila is being carried away."

Gila awakens and alarms the shepherds, who follow Gila and the hermit, who is pulling her by the hand away from the camp. Gila and the shepherds fall upon the hermit and beat him. The bewildered hermit pleads, "Do not beat me, little brothers, for I do promise you I'll not do it again." When questioned about it, the hermit tells them a man who was there advised him to take Gila and marry her, and that he only took her to please the man. He accepted the beatings, by so doing, he learned to be wise. The shepherds return to sleep. Music is heard off stage and a voice sings, "Of the most beautiful Mary was born the shining flower. Then let us worship the marvel that God came as a babe to earth."

The hermit hears the song and wakes the shepherds, who command him to be quiet. Tubal awakes as the Angel Gabriel appears and announces the birth of the Savior. Tubal awakens the others and tells them the glad news. They do not believe him, but the hermit recalls the prophecies about the promised Messiah. "Listen to me, all of you, and attend to me with care. Already you know that it has been promised, through all creation, that the Messiah is to come, and so, as can be seen, this has come to pass. For this reason I affirm to be true what Tubal has related." Lipio still does not believe the story of the Messiah being born in a manger and advises all to go back to sleep. Bartolo complains, "I, after so many awakenings, believe that the Messiah is born, because just now I have had longings

to eat some fritters. If the Messiah has been born in a stable, I'll get ready to travel right now, because the Savior sure must bring wine and a lot of tamales." The Devil is dismayed by this news and in an aside whispers to himself, "If the promised Messiah is here, the one who in his birth shall overcome the strength of my dominion!" St. Michael appears, "Depart Satan! Let us give unmingled praises, Glory to God in the highest, and to mankind peace on earth." An angel sings, "Glory to God in the highest, and to mankind peace on earth. What is this which I see? Glory, glory in Excelsis Deo."

The hermit, with great rejoicing, listens to the song of the angel.

St. Michael appears, "Shepherds, today very gladly I come to give you the tidings, because tonight in Bethlehem there occured the joyful birth of the redeemer of life, who is the true Messiah," and all say, "Long live the King of Heaven." The shepherds receive the news with a shout. Lucifer attacks St. Michael and with a clashing of swords he and the Devil fight for supremacy. It is touch and go as the shepherds look on, but, at last, St. Michael is victorious and trimphantly places his foot on the head of his adversary. Signifying that the good in mankind can overcome the wiles of the Devil. The angel Gabriel joins Michael and condemns Lucifer. Dejectedly Lucifer rises and leaves the stage. St. Michael speaks to the shepherds, "Do not fear, and be heedful to what I am going to tell you about the most high Lord, and of that God made man. You may see Him

now hidden in some rough straw, where He is lying suffering from the cold, and all for your sins. Lovingly He asks you that you go see Him in the stables of Bethlehem." All agree that they should go except Bartolo, "I do not want to be aroused because I am very tired. What I do want to do is dine on a well roasted lamb." Turning to the others Bato says, "Then, my brothers, let us prepare the gifts which we will take to the Child."

Tebano will take a little lamb, Bato will take some small trinkets, Gila will take a fleece to cover the Child, Lepido will take a bedsheet for His mother to wrap Him in, Tubal will take a cradle "so that Mary may lay Him down when she wants to rock Him." Lipio will take a honey comb so that "He may know the things He finds in the fields." And Gila: "I shall bring to the tiny one swaddling clothes and bands, and also a little undershirt, and with them my heart." Since the hermit had nothing practical to take he gathered lilies from the mountain and carried them to the Babe.

Bato calls Bartolo from sleep, "Bartolo, brother, awake and see what you can take to the new-born Child that has been born in the stable." Bartolo replies: "Why should I have to hurry since I am not going to see Him? Go, if you want to go, as for me I'm just beginning to sleep." The shepherds attempt to get Bartolo on his feet but he says: "In the end I will not get up, even if you should cry." Bato urges him, "In Bethlehem is shining the morning star most divine." Bartolo replies: "Flying I would go to see it if it were a barrel of wine." Tebano suggests: "Let us go to Bethlehem, Bartolo. You shall see the Child Messiah. "You go see Him alone, who understands about courtesies." Gila coaxes: "The angels in Bethlehem are cooling bread pudding." "Send some of it over here to me, brothers, in order that I may dine." Lepido promises entertainment; "In Bethlehem there is a christening; Bartolo let us go there." "If I am not a God-parent why should I go there? If you want to give me cake, just send it over to me." Gila and the Hermit urge him to go but he would not.

Finally Bato and Tebano get Bartolo to his feet and they begin the journey to Bethlehem. This is symbolized by the shepherds tapping their crooks as they march, alternately stepping forward and back, in time to the rhythm of the music, this indicates the progress to Bethlehem where each one moves to the manger to view the Child. The shepherds kneel while they sing a lullaby to the Infant. After the lullaby, Bato kneels and

offers his gift. "Child, small and beloved, I wish I had more to offer. I bring you these small trinkets. Receive them with my love, so that you may play with them. For you see I bring them with my soul, my life and my heart." Tebano kneels to offer his gift: "Lady, my love bids me to offer this little lamb. And may the Holy Child Jesus amuse Himself with it." Gil kneels to offer his gift. "Isaiah prophesied that You would be born, and we come to see You. The Redeemer has come, may all the world praise You. I come to present you this armful of wool." Lepido offers the bedsheet to the beloved Mother and Lipio presents the honeycomb, and Tubal the little cradle, and Gila would dress the little One in swaddling clothes and cover Him with her blanket, and the hermit presents the pure lilies and says: "The star of the north comes to lead us from these mountains Jesus exalting. Blessed may You be, tender Babe, for You have come to redeem the world."

The shepherds find that once more Bartolo has fallen asleep. By coaxing and promises they try to persuade him to come to the manger and see the Child. He prefers to sleep in his blanket and make jocular excuses, until out of patience they carry him to the manger. There he is transformed and sings a song of adoration. "O what a lovely Babe! I do not tire of seeing Him! Blessed be the One that bore Him. He has stolen my heart from me. I would give it to Him, without holding any part back. Child, you will be a shepherd."

Bato and the shepherds sing: "Now that we have honored the Child with very special pleasures, we take leave with joyous hearts from this blessed family. Farewell Joseph, farewell Mary, farewell favored manger, for now the shepherds leave. Farewell with joyful mirth, farewell gentle lamb, grant us life and health for the coming year. Give us your blessing, grant us life and health to reach another year." The choir sings as the cast leaves the stage.

CHAPTER VII

Tortugas.

At Tortugas, the three days of religious services, and dancing, the pilgrimage to the mountain top shrine, take precedence over the orthodox Christmas celebrations as it is more a dedication to the particular saint of the Pueblo rather than the Nativity. On the evening of December 10th, after Vespers, with guns booming to dispell evil spirits, the Indians of

Tortugas join in the candlelight procession, escorting the statue of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" from her place in the Chapel to the Casa de Pueblo where she remains until dawn of December 11th. Following the procession to the Casa de Pueblo several men attired in feathered head dresses and fringed buckskin suits and several young ladies, malinches, wearing the tribal black manta over the bright colored calico undergarment, assist with the dance "Las Matachines," the dance drama lasts during the night long wake, the dancers stopping at intervals for a short rest and prayer. At dawn, December 11th, all members of the village join in singing a joyful song of praise while escorting the statue of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" back to the Chapel.

Preparations are then made for the pilgrimage to the top of the mountain to the Shrine of Our Lady.

The mile long climb (the men taking the right and left paths, the women in the center) is a three hour undertaking. Many as penance do it barefoot. The pilgrims carry small sticks and larger pieces of wood and some short lengths of split resinous logs, which they place in squares along the way and will set afire on their return trip that night. The day is spent in prayer, in the making of small crosses and the tall quiotes (tall yucca stalks with short twigs of creosote bush and bear grass wired on) with the dark of night the return trip down the mountain is begun. The luminarias are lighted, casting a glow along the pathway down the mountain and make an unforgettable picture that can be seen for miles. As the pilgrims return to Casa de Pueblo a ritual of welcome and thanksgiving for their safe return is performed, as all the people sing and chant around a huge bonfire of old tires. They and the male pilgrims with their quiotes (walking sticks) which they have taken all day to make, are silhouetted against the blazing background.

From the beginning of time man has danced before his gods. Among the aborigines of New Spain, as well as in Spain and Mallorca, in fancy costumes and feathers, with tambourines and bells, they were dancing in the churches on their saints feast days.

As long ago as the 16th century the priests in New Spain (Mexico) noticed the Indians love of music, dancing, drama and pantomime as they danced the ceremonial dances before their gods, and were inspired to substitute Christian feast day dances instead, the meaning of which the Indians have changed

according to their beliefs and way of life.

The dates are fixed by the Christian calendar but what takes place after the mass is strictly Indian. Christianity has only added to, not replaced, the ancient beliefs.

Los Matachines originated, no doubt, in Europe and was a dance performed by grotesque figures. The knowledge of it was brought to New Spain by the priests who taught it to the Indians.

The different versions and subsequent titles evolved over the years. One may be interpreted as a rite performed in celebration of the birth of Christ, another as devoted to the Virgin or as soldiers of the Virgin, or — as at Tortugas Indian village — where the dancers have been sworn in as slaves to the virgin and have been given the honor of dancing to fulfill their vows. Others dance before the church after Vespers and call the dance Malinche, saying it depicts the betrayal of Montezuma by Malinche who was the daughter of a Cacique of the upper class and who was sold into slavery by her stepmother after the death of her father.

When Hernan Cortez arrived at Paynala he received, as a present of some value, this eighteen year old slave girl. She adored Cortez and considered him to be a god who would do much for her people, but Cortez, the bigot, only used her to betray her people and to further his ends as conqueror of Mexico.

Among some of the Indians of New Mexico, Matachines is associated with death, and at Tortugas it is associated with a velorio, or a wake, or when the term Mattasin is used as a synonym for the dance of death.

On December 12th the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe begins at nine a.m. with Mass in the Chapel. After Mass another version of Los Matachines is presented before the Chapel. The dancing lasts until four p.m. with time out for dinner at noon.

The men dancers wear colorful costumes adorned with lace, ribbons and brilliant silk scarves, with elaborate head dresses reminiscent of the Aztecs. The scarf-like part swathing the face, they wear a white shirt and a long, white skirt with a picture of Our Lady and a border of roses, all in bright color. In his right hand each man carries a gourd rattle and in his left hand a cross framed with a wire covered with colored paper or cloth. The little girls are attired in white dresses and veils.

One man wears a long white skirt, similar, to the others, with a picture of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" on it, topped with a dark suit coat, white shirt and necktie, and on his head he has a crown.

Some of the men of the adjacent San Juan pueblo adorned with feathered head dresses and fringed buckskin suits, the women in their tribal costumes, assist with the dance accompanied by one of the Indian men with a large drum.

This performance depicts more of the betrayal of the Montezuma version. On Christmas day another version of the dance is one of adoration of the "Virgin of Guadalupe," and on New Year's Day they dance the more familiar version where they celebrate the victory of good over evil and the clowning is more pronounced.

CHAPTER VIII

Isleta and San Felipe

In all the Indian Pueblos there is great preparation for the festivities and dancing at Christmas time. The ceremonies vary from year to year, and changes are made in the form and manner of production. For instance, sometimes the Indian's concept of a Saint may be of one on horseback. However, in some Indian pueblos, the representation is achieved by a man clothed in a figure of a horse, suspended from his waist to just above his knees, giving the appearance of a rider and leaving his legs and feet free for dancing. They prance about between the dancers and spectators far enough back from the dancing floor space that the dancers can perform their intricate steps without being crowded by the onlookers.

In some pueblos the dances are performed in Christian churches. To the Indian, whose profound belief is in Pantheism, it is not sacrilegious to offer homage to his other gods as well as to the Christian God.

I remember almost forty years ago, of seeing a beautiful, rhythmic, dignified, superb dance in the old church at Isleta before the midnight Mass of "la Misa de Gallo."

The Governor, with his gold headed cane, the symbol of authority from Spanish Colonial days, and Lieutenant Governor, with his silver headed cane from Abraham Lincoln's time, symbols of their authority, attended with their captains who preserved the dignity and order among the people crowded into the church. This group stood at one end of the chucch with their backs to the altar. At the entrance were three men who

beat out the rhythm for the dance, surrounded by six old men each holding a large lighted candle, who formed the chorus.

The dance team was composed of six men and six women. The men were naked to the waist with the upper part of their bodies covered with wavy lines of white paint terminating in a "V" in front and back. Each wore strings of turquoise, coral and shell beads around his neck and a red band around his head, his black hair wrapped with red yarn forming a club at the nape of the neck. A spot of white paint was marked on each cheek. The white embroidered dance kilt, with a red, green and white belt, reached just above the knees and the knotted cords of the heavy white rain sash fell to the knees on the right side. The kilt covering the white cotton drawers was tucked into the tops of red buckskin leggins which touched red buckskin moccasins adorned with silver buttons. The garter of sleighbells, and a gourd rattle in the right hand harmonized with the drums, chorus, and the tread of dancing feet. On the left wrist was a large silver and turquoise bow guard above the hand that carried the beautifully decorated bow. Attached to it were many downy feathers from the breast of an eagle.

The six women dancers wore the traditional tribal black, handwoven, woolen manta, decorated on the sides with rows of silver coins, and fastened on the right shoulder, leaving the left shoulder bare. A large, brightly colored silk scarf hung from just below the shoulders to an inch or so below the edge of the manta at the back, the white buckskin, black-soled moccasins with white wrap around buckskin leggins completed the costume. Each woman was adorned with many silver and turquoise necklaces, bracelets, rings and earrings. In the right hand they carried an eagle wing feather and a folded red bandana; in the left hand they held two eagle wing feathers. Their elbows were pressed close to the body.

The lines formed facing each other, as they entered the church, they began to dance a back and forth weaving pattern toward the front of the church, bodies moving in perfect harmony with the drums and chorus. Several times the dancers moved to and fro from the front to the back of the church, their dancing feet softly vibrant on the hard packed dirt floor, pausing just long enough to change places, the men on the right and the women on the left facing each other. The drums and chant took on a more urgent tempo, the voices of the chorus often rising to a sharp cry.

With their bows held before them, the men danced forward with a thrusting movement of the bow, the women, with little hesitant steps, gently swaying toward the men holding their feathers stiffly before them.

This graceful movement was repeated several times; then came a pause while the dancers changed places across the end of the dance space. Again the men dancers thrust forward and the women gently parried, swaying to the quickened tempo of the drums, gourds, bells and chorus. Again there was a pause and another formation occured to the sides again. After the dance was repeated as before, the formation of a hollow square was completed, and the dancers returned to the first position of two parallel lines. Facing each other and weaving back and forth, they danced from the church.

At San Felipe the decorated and balconied facade and twin towers of the two hundred year old church with its thick adobe walls, high, heavy beamed ceiling and spacious choir loft all ablaze with candle light, waits expectantly for the age old ritual perpetuating the birth of the Christ Child and the Indian's adoration of their gods.

It is midnight and a hushed feeling of reverential awe pervades the air as the people of all ages and many races pass quietly through the open doorway and stand with bowed heads for a moment of silent prayer.

The altar is resplendent with lighted candles and paper flowers. In a bower of evergreen branches, the manger of Santo Niño is filled with the simple gifts appropriate to one of humble birth. The decorations of spruce are indicative of eternal life. The hard-packed earthen floor, that has resounded to an incalculable number of dancing feet over the years appears to be awaiting the old, yet ever new, story of "La Buennoche."

The priest enters and the people fall to their knees. The Mass is sung, "Glory to God in the highest," and the white man's ritual is complete. The priest and his Indian attendants retire to the sacristy, the signal for the congregation to move back against the walls to make room for the dancers.

The sound of drums is heard outside, drawing ever nearer. Suddenly from the high choir loft, filled to capacity with small boys who have Indian made bird whistles, issues a burst of trills, warbles, and bird calls of thousands of birds. It is said that all the birds burst into song on the night Jesus, the Christ, was born.

The drummer is at the door of the church and the bird song is a little muffled as the drummer and chorus enter and take their places. A lithe, young Indian man, arrayed in deer skin adorned with shells, turquoise, silver and the silky down of many birds, dances in through the open door. His quick young feet touching the sacred earth, his head, arms and hands rising and falling, each graceful movement is in perfect harmony with the rhythm of the drums and chorus. He is followed by a line of women dancers, clothed in ceremonial black, woolen manta and bedecked with a lavish display of turquoise and silver jewelry. Each woman has a huge squash blossom over each ear. They carry in their hands artificial spring flowers and spruce twigs, symbols of eternal life. Their feet and hands falling with the cadence of the chant. For quite some time the dancers continue to move forward gradually dancing their way to the door and out into the chill, starry night, They are followed by the drummer and chorus as the echo of joyful warbling comes from the bird whistles. The drummer, chanters and some of the dancers return and a short version of the Deer dance and the Buffalo dance follows.

The dancers, drummer and chanters retire. The candles have burned out, and the people file silently out of the dim, old church to a snow covered world and a dawning of another Christmas day.

CHAPTER IX

The Deer Dance.

During the holiday season in all Indian Pueblos the Indians present their ancient, ritual dances to the deer, buffalo and eagle.

The deer dance is given as an apology to the animal for the necessity of taking its life for food and of thanksgiving for the blessing of the meat for food, the skin and sinew which provides clothing and the many uses to which the sinew is put.

More than twenty years ago in one of the Pueblos an entirely different version of the deer dance was given. The performers consisted of twelve men with deer antlers, trimmed with down and evergreens, on their heads, and with their faces

painted. Strings of shell and coral are around their necks. White shirts, with wide arm bands are tucked into a kilt of white buckskin leggins, bells are held in place just below the knee with red yarn, white moccasins complete the costume. Each dancer carries in his left hand a large gourd rattle, and in his right hand he holds a tall staff decorated with eagle feathers. A drummer leads the way into the plaza dance area, setting the tempo as the dancers step lightly in the limited space. The gourds, bells and feet move in perfect time with the drum, and form the background for the principal dancers numbering ten; two men are Deer Chiefs, two more men are Deer watchmen, dressed in white buckskin with gourd rattles. There are two women, Deer Mothers, also dressed in white fringed buckskin and carrying in the right hand an eagle feather and in the left a sprig of evergreen. Two small boys with faces darkened, are dressed as clowns. The two men, dressed as deer with the head of a deer, complete with antlers, wear tight fitting suits of natural buckskin with hair and tail on them. Their arms and hands manipulate two short sticks, which are decorated with eagle feathers tied with sinew, representing the forefeet and legs of the deer. The two deer and their attendants dance in and take their place in front of the other dancers. They all dance in their respective lines, their feet and forefeet (sticks) rising and falling in time with the beat of the drums as they move back and forth, warily looking to the right and left.

Soon the two small boys appear, each armed with a bow. They clown around before and between the rows of dancers. Finally they take a place before the two principal deer dancers and raise their bows, pull back and twang the string of sinew. The two deer fall to the ground. All the other characters stampede, and in wild disorder rush from the plaza followed by the two boys and the distraught women.

The deer dance of today is a much shorter version. It is performed with more dignity, as a prayer and thanksgiving, and by a larger group of men and women dancers. The drummer, with two chanters in ordinary clothes, take their place in the plaza in front of the church, followed by several women in their tribal costume, with evergreen in their hair and in their right hand an eagle feather and in the left a bunch of evergreen. With a shuffling, measured tread they keep step with the drum and the chanters.

Twelve Indian men, clothed in white shirts, shell necklaces,

and with clacking shells around their waist, over the wide, bright, knitted belts, simulating the deer's tail, falling behind to the edge of the short kilt, above the white knitted leggins with garters of bells tied with red yarn, tucked into the white buckskin moccasins. Some times they wear the complete head of the deer, with antlers bedecked with eagle down. At other times they wear a basketlike container for the down bedecked antlers and evergreens.

As in all Pueblos the short sticks, or canes, are made to represent the forefeet and legs of the deer.

The deer dancers are out of sight (representing in the hills) the drummer and chanters stop for a moment, the womens' feet and hands are stilled, the drummer strikes the drum and the chanters call the deer dancers from the hills. They dance into the plaza and the women resume their foot and hand movements with the rhythm of the drum and chanters.

For some time the deer dancers move about, keeping step with the drum and chanters, then they break and trot away with the women in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER X

The Buffalo Dance

The buffalo dance, as enacted in some pueblos, is very close to drama, because the customary burlesque and dramatic pantomime is prevalent throughout the dance.

This is a dance of the hunt, and many times, is not confined to the hunting of the buffalo but includes the elk, antelope and deer. The buffalo dancers wear the huge, shaggy, horned heads of the great beasts. The dancer's bodies are naked above the waist, and their faces are painted black. Rows of shell beads circle the neck and the arms and hands are painted white. In the right hand is a large gourd rattle and in the left a feather

trimmed bow. A wide red sash has ends that fall below the decorated kilt. Heavy black knitted stockings, a feathered garter below the knee, and high buckskin moccasins complete the costume.

The elk dancers wear feathered headdresses and (usually) blue antlers; the deer and antelope wear headdresses, antlers and skins from the animals they represent.

Each dancer moves about bent over the canes held in each hand to suggest the fore legs of the animal. The antelope frisk about and shake the feather fans that represent their tails, the elk are reserved and regal, moving with dignity while the deer are hesitant, graceful and shy.

The dancers, representing the hunters, are lithe young men, swift to run down the game which a beautiful young maiden seeks among the hills and lures into the plaza. The beautiful young maiden dances with downcast eyes, demure and gentle as a young maiden should be. Her headdress is of irridescent black feathers and small horns of a young buffalo cow, her shining black hair hangs loose, her white dress, fastened on one shoulder, leaving the other bare, around her waist a broad red sash, on her dancing feet are white moccasins edged with skunk fur (for protection) in her right hand a gourd and in her left twigs of the evergreen, which she moves stiffly up and down in time to the drum and chant, turning, swaying, gracefully moving as light as a feather, she is indeed beautiful.

Among the dancing figures clowns appear prancing and capering about and performing all kinds of funny things much to the delight of the onlookers.

The dancers apparently utterly oblivious to all this continue the rhythmic advance and retreat of the dance.

The effect changes. The clowns disperse, the maiden dances away and the hunt begins. The animals take refuge in the imaginary forest. The slow, lumbering gait of buffalo, the quick agile pace of the deer, elk and antelope are in perfect time with the urgent tempo of the drum and chorus.

The drum beats more wildly, the chant rises and falls, throbbing through the dramatic pantomime of the actors. Inevitably all the animals are killed by the dancers. A hunter carries off the limp body of the deer. The last dancers disappear assured of good hunting for another year.

Every dance that is performed in the Indian Pueblos has a special meaning: respect for the dead and diefication, as at

Tortugas. Protection and preservation, as at Isleta. At San Felipe it is indicative of Spring and renewed life; penitence and gratitude, portrayed by the deer dance; faith in the Creator's goodness to supply their every need, symbolized by the buffalo, elk and antelope dance: Health and strength and courage symbolized by the eagle dance: And at last the victory, as purity and virtue triumph over evil; as signified by Las Matachines. And through them all runs the scarlet thread of joy and laughter over man's natural tendency toward foolishness. And above all man's hope of glory, as exemplified by the evergreen that appears in all the dances and ceremonies.

CHAPTER XI

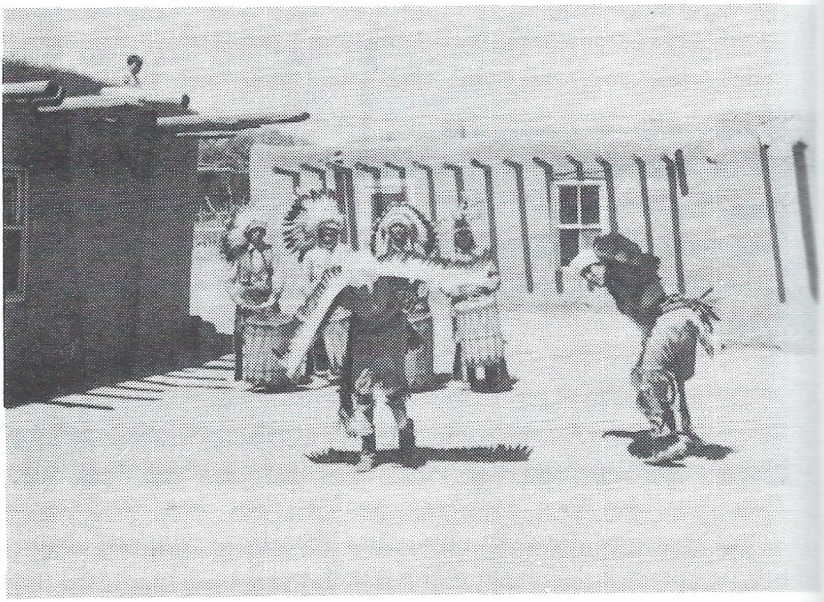
The Eagle Dance.

The eagle plays an important role in the Indian's way of life, it is the link between the earth bound and the Infinite, a symbol of dignity, strength, courage, and majesty, and of the Indian's belief in the healing, strengthening power of the Absolute. His aerie is high in the towering mountains, he does not kill, except for food for himself and his dependents; he knows no fear, as borne by his strong pinions he soars above the storm clouds into the ethereal heights of the clean, pure air of beauty, joy, and peace.

The two young men chosen to perform the Eagle dance attend a healing ceremony days before the dance, where they fast and pray and are treated with the healing waters which will enable them to perform with unusual skill the strenuous exertion required for the dance.

The chanters and drummers, blanketed and topped with feathered war bonnets, take their place and set the beat for the dancers. The bare torso, face, legs, and arms are all painted yellow. Under each eye is a daub of red paint. The lower part of the body is covered with a kirtle of buckskin.

The head is covered with a cap of white cotton extending into a long yellow beak over the nose. Eagle down adheres, here and there, to the painted torso, arms and legs. The back is covered with eagle feathers and from the shoulders to the finger tips each arm is feathered with quills of the eagle's wings, a long tail of eagle feathers is fastened to the waist and extends to the knees, a garter of small bells on a leather thong is fastened below the knees.



In time with the cadence of the chant and drums, with one graceful swoop the dancers appear, facing each other, knees bent, wings extended. The bodies, on their toes, sway from side to side. Then the men rise to their feet, standing side by side, knees bend, wings rise and fall, bodies rising and stooping, circling around each other with quick steps and incredible

grace, they swoop and hop and crouch, forming intricate designs with great artistic maneuverability. The dancers appear sometimes to almost touch the ground as their bodies sway from side to side, first on the toes of one bare foot and then the other, as the knees and body bend and they make great sweeping arcs with the wings.

The repetition of this graceful, intriguing, realisitic dance is fascinating and holds the profound attention of the people until the dancers retire and the music of the drums fade away. Even then one is loathe to leave.

CHAPTER XII

Los Matachines Dance

Variations of Los Matachines dance apparently have been performed in many countries of Europe, Guatemala, Mexico and in the United States of America where the Spanish speaking people and the pueblo Indians honor the patron saint of each village within the Christian tradition and are an intrinsic part of the fiestas because of costuming, music, drama and the lessons they impart.

I especially like the one I saw at Taos, after Vespers on Christmas eve 1947.

Two Indian men swathed in light colored cotton blankets, stood on the roof of a shed facing the plaza, beat their tom toms and raised their voices in a call to worship.

After Vespers between rows of achones (the tall, flaming torches of wired cedar fagots) four blanket wrapped Indian men carried a platform, upon which the image of the Mother of God stood under a canopy. She was carried from the Chapel to the far end of the plaza where she was placed in an evergreen bower. The luminarias on the flat roof tops, and around the plaza, cast a soft warm glow over the procession, dancers and spectators. Gun shots gave the signal for the dancers to form a procession behind the statue of the Madonna, and at intervals during the dance and at the changing of the different dance steps, which, it is said, dispells the evil spirits and also represents a salute to the Virgin. A violin and a guitar furnished the music.

A man, "El Monarca," dressed in ritualistic regalia, directed the dancing. There were twelve men dancers, symbolizing the twelve apostles of the risen Christ. A "King," exemplified "Montezuma," and a "Queen," a young girl dressed as a bride in a white dress and veil. All performed the ritualistic dance, keeping time with the music in a reverent and solemn manner. All, that is, except the clowns. One was called "Abuelo" (grandfather) who wore a huge headdress of cowhide with horrible menacing teeth. He carried a whip and pretended to be the director of the dance. Another, the "Abuela" (grandmother) in an outlandish costume, assisted the abuelo with a more modest form of comical acting. Another character

represented a bull and was dressed in a bullhide with corn stalks for horns. Others wore masks of a donkey and a pig and pranced around in and out among the more sedate dancers, depicting the foolish animal nature in man.

The king wore a cape and an elaborate crown, from which hung variously colored ribbons. The twelve men dancers also wore high mitre-like headdresses from which multicolored ribbons flowed down the back over brilliant silk scarves.

The faces were masked with black fringe attached to the front of the headdress. Each man carried in his left hand a painted, tasseled trident, a symbol of the Trinity — spiritual power — and in his right hand a number of loose coins in a silk handkerchief, like, a pouch, which he rattled noisily, representing wealth — material power.

The dancers from time to time faced each other and danced a criss cross pattern, at other times they faced toward one or the other end of the plaza dancing a weaving pattern, while the little queen whirled and danced gracefully with a light rhythmic step, ignoring the clowns. All paused at one place in the dance to form a ring around the abuelo and the toro. The abuelo attacked the bull. After several ludicrous sallies and ineffectual cracking of the whip the clown finally administered the coupe de grace and the bull falls down and rolls over dead, much to the boisterous merriment of the spectators.

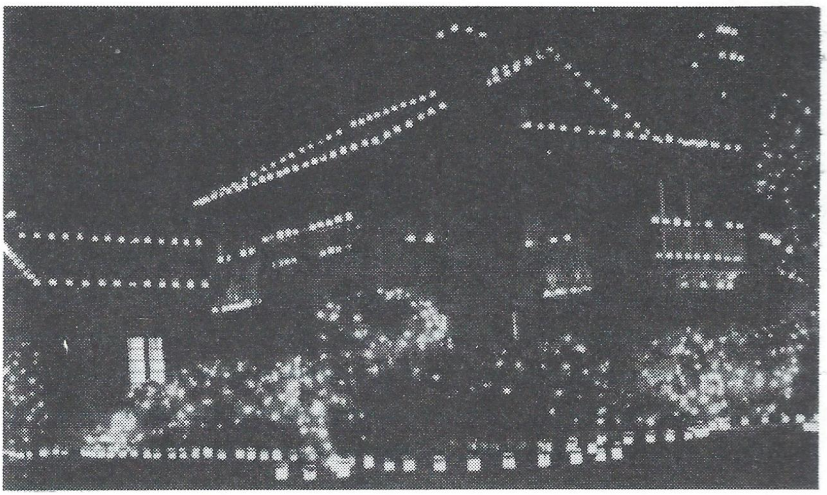
Now that the little queen, symbolizing purity, has been saved from evil, the bull, the dancers again formed in two lines facing the Chapel. The soft pat pat of their tireless feet, in perfect time to the catchy music, was a little subdued as the four

men once more bore the statue of the Virgin between the lines to Her place within the Chapel. El monarca escorted the little queen between the rows of dancers to the Chapel door and the dancers and musicians left the scene.

The anchones (torches) flickering light and the subdued glow of the luminarias made a fitting backdrop for the retiring dancers.

CHAPTER XIII

The City Of Lights



Hebenstreit House

Albuquerque has earned the right to be called "The City of Lights". As one soars over the city at night, or views it from the heights surrounding the community, the miles of multicolored lights appear on the streets, homes and businesses. Then one adds to all this the almost unbroken lines of automobile headlights, and there unfolds the most fabulous panorama of brilliance that one is privileged to see. This condition prevails throughout the year and is further enhanced when, at Christmas time Albuquerque surpasses all other nights of the year and is at

this time the most beautifully lighted city of the Americas.

The hundreds of homes, with glittering Christmas trees and radiant displays of the Yuletide season, present an indescribably artistic diffusion of resplendent light.

The use of hundreds of thousands of luminarias outlining buildings, rooftops, walks and lawns, carry out the tradition of lighting the way for the Christ Child that has been practiced for hundreds of years in New Mexico, and is now being copied by many other towns in the confines of the United States and abroad.

It has been estimated that more than 200,000 luminarias are used for this purpose during the Christmas holiday season in Albuquerque.

Courtesy of Dept. of Development.

This custom of decoration has spread over a vast territory and many visitors who come from long distances to view this spectacular exposition carry this cherished memory to other parts of the World where many of them decorate their homes and grounds with the little lights to guide the Christ Child on His way to bless mankind.

In many States, from Alaska to Florida and Hawaii from Canada to Costa Rica the New Mexico Christmas theme is carried out, attracting thousands of viewers to these wonderful

displays.

The Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce provides free bus tours which has become a tradition to view the luminaria lighted areas of the City.

In the past few years there has been some controversy whether to call the brown paper bag luminarias or farolitas. In my opinion either name could be applied as farolita is a diminutive of a street light or a guiding light from a lighthouse. However, I (with thousands of New Mexicans) prefer the name luminaria for the sacred significance attached to it . . . a festival light or a sacred light burning before an altar.

There is a pretty story about the farolita and adds a touch of beauty. It is said that many of the early Conquistadores who sailed for Los Indios (or New Spain in the New World) landed on the Philippine Islands. The Spanish traded with the Chinese who, for centuries, had used the colorful paper lanterns for general use and the more elaborate and beautiful ones for more festive occasions. The Spanish followed the Chinese custom of using the decorative paper to house their candles and carried the idea with them on their advance into Mexico and farther North to New Mexico. However, the fragile lanterns were few and did not last long. With the advent of the American Trader paper became available and later the sturdy brown paper bags became the distinctive New Mexico luminaria which is used profusely today. This is a pretty story but as far as I have been able to trace has no real foundation.